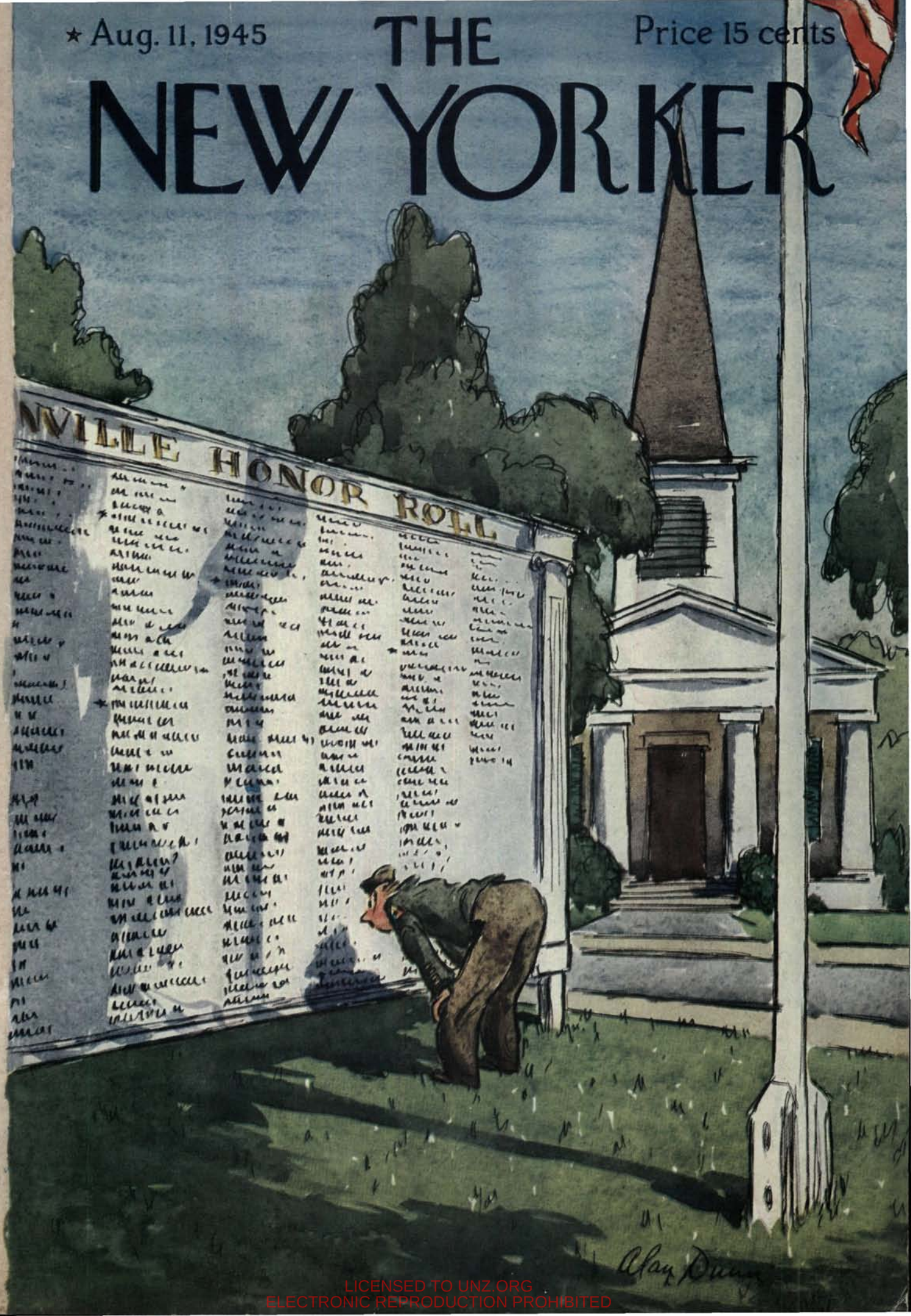
★ Aug. 11, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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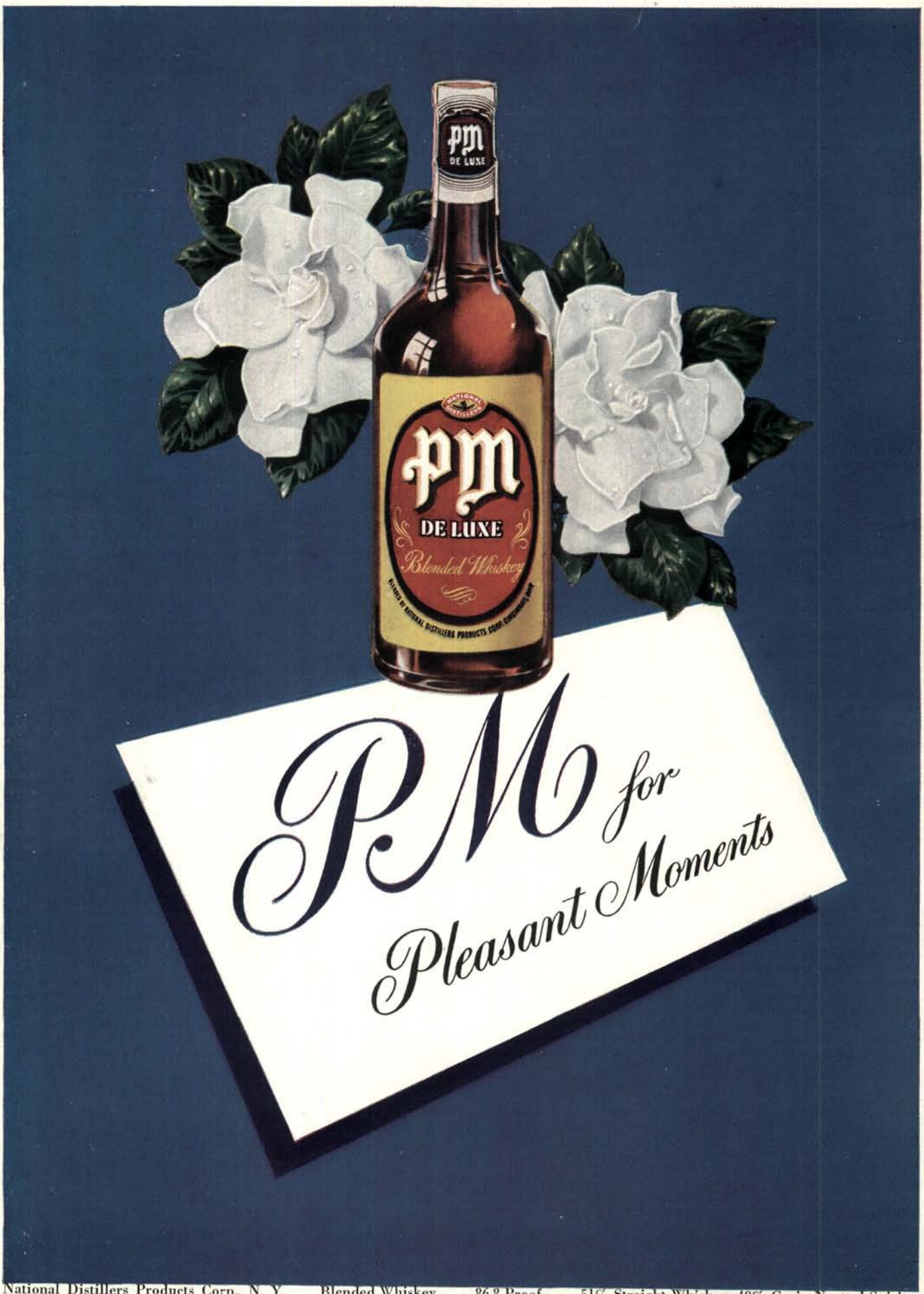

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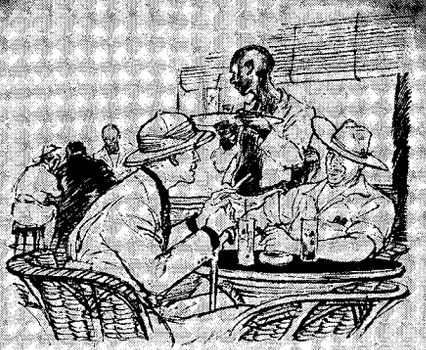
How would you say it in AFRIKAANS?*



Wat – Persiese lampelse van uit Suidwes Afrika? Seker – van die beske in die wereld kom van Windhock. En die allerbeste sal byna onvermydelik na Hollander gebring word–om sagter, glansryker en mooier gemaak te word. Die Hollander merk op die Kaartjie of rug van die pels is u versekering van blywende mooiheid.

TRANSLATION: *What – Persian Lamb pelts from Southwest Africa? Certainly – some of the best in the world come from Vindhoek. And the very finest will almost inevitably be brought to Hollander – to be made even more supple, lustrous, lovely. The Hollander mark on tag or back of pelt is your assurance of lasting beauty.*

AFRIKAANS VOCABULARY

Seker	*Certainly*	Baie	*Very*
Beste	*Best*	U	*Your*
Wereld	*World*	Blywende	*Lasting*
Byna	*Almost*	Mooiheid	*Beauty*

*Dutch, as spoken in Africa

HOLLANDER FEATHERLITE PERSIAN

Fine Persian Lambs come to

HOLLANDER

WORLD'S LARGEST BLENDERS AND DYERS OF PRECIOUS FURS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. Reopens Mon., Aug. 13. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot months. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite is again in business, especially when Cardini (one of our more expert magicians) is onstage. Henry King's orchestra for soothing dance music.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Josh White, Beatrice Kraft, and Edmond Hall's band in a fine demonstration of what night life should be like. Closes for the summer on Sun., Aug. 12.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Newly reopened, and newly redecorated in the opulent Larue fashion. Music by the bands of Eddie Davis, who will never need redecorating, and Gil Murray.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, up to his old mind-reading business (very neat), is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays pleasantly for dancing.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, all in his finest disarray. Music, as if that were necessary, by Garwood Van's orchestra.... Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least, it keeps the kiddies off the street. Eric Correa's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand all evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens doing a standard soprano act at the supper hour on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing.... **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing.... **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing.... **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dick Smart and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra.... **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music.... **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a routine show, with Mitzi Green, plus Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra and Joel Herron's matter-of-fact one.... **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Gene Krupa's orchestra.... **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra.... **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show.... **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra.... **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **Bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its tremendous view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 26, August 11, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Benny Morton and his teammates, Billie Holiday, and Al Casey's new trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the coolness and the fine view of the Hudson. Dance music by a couple of small orchestras. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 17. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **O'CONNOR**, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Greek collection, arranged in a new setting to show the development of Greek art; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, owned by the artist's nephew (through Aug. 26); also, a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Nov. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

WAR ART—Paintings centering on the activities of the U.S. Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories: International Bldg., mezzanine floor, Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 11 AM. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Aug. 12.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final programs (tentative)—Philharmonic-Symphony: Alexander Smallens conducting, through Sun., Aug. 12; conductor to be announced, Mon. and Tues., Aug. 13-14. Soloists: Mischa Elman, violin, Aug. 9; John Corigliano, violin, Aug. 12. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 11, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 12, at 3:30 P.M. Soloists: William Kroll, violin, and Jascha Veissi, viola, Aug. 11; Robert Casadesus, piano, Aug. 12. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Final concerts—Fri. and Sun., Aug. 10 and 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, through Sat., Aug. 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sun., Aug. 12 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., Mon., Aug. 13, at 8:45 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 14, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wed., Aug. 15 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Thurs., Aug. 16, at 8:45 P.M., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., Aug. 9 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 10-11, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sun., Aug. 12 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., Mon. and Tues., Aug. 13-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 15-18, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Jake La Motta vs. José Basora, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 10; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Aug. 17. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Amateur Championship, match play rounds, Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11-12. . . . Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Thurs., Aug. 16.

RACING—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Sept. 1. (United States Hotel, Travers Stakes, and war-fund benefit day, Aug. 11; Whitney Stakes, Aug. 15; Alabama Stakes, Aug. 16; Saratoga Special, and Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 18.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 12:49 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, N.Y., through Sun., Aug. 12.

TROTTING—At Goshen, N.Y., Thurs., Aug. 9, at 1:30 P.M. For information about trains, call the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, Journal Square 2-4600. . . . Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 25. . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., daily, starting Fri., Aug. 10, at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

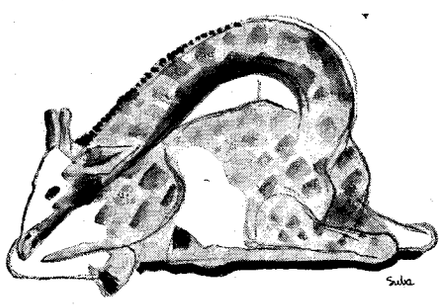
YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week, through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . Championship Regatta on the Sound: Huguenot Y.C., Sun., Aug. 12, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of U.S. Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of gladioli: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., Aug. 9, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.



MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Aug. 12, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concert, Fri., Aug. 10, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Aug. 11 and 18, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fritz Kreisler, Mon., Aug. 13, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Jake LaMotta vs. José Basora, Fri., Aug. 10; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., Aug. 17; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: Travers Stakes, Sat., Aug. 11; Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 18; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. (starting Mon., Aug. 13), WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Aug. 14.)

A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 15.)

JUNIOR MISS—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE WAY AHEAD—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture, though unfortunately dated. With David Niven. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Aug. 10. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14.)

WITHOUT LOVE—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's still very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., Aug. 11-15.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 12-15.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Aug. 15.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

THE GREAT MOMENT (1944)—Biography of the first painless dentist. Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Aug. 9.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James

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Une perm' a Paris... Have a Coca-Cola

(PARIS LEAVE)

...Yank friendliness comes to the Eiffel Tower

It's a natural impulse for a Yank soldier to share his home ways and home things with friendly foreigners abroad. The invitation *Have a Coke* is a symbol of his feeling of friendliness toward folks in Paris. It says *We're your allies —we wish you well* in a way as American as baseball or the corner drugstore at home. Wherever you hear *Have a Coke* you hear the voice of America... inviting you to enjoy *the pause that refreshes,*— a national custom now becoming an international symbol of good will as well.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola

-the global high-sign

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

Gleason. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11-12.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 11-13.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY (1944)—Innocents abroad in the 1920's. Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (1944)—Adventures among the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart and Michèle Morgan. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 11.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Aug. 9. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 10-11. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 14-16.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 9.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 12-15.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., AUG. 9: "Public Enemy" (1931), with James Cagney. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 10-12: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), with Dorothea Wieck. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., AUG. 13-16: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo. . . . FROM FRI., AUG. 17: "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), directed by William Wellman.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

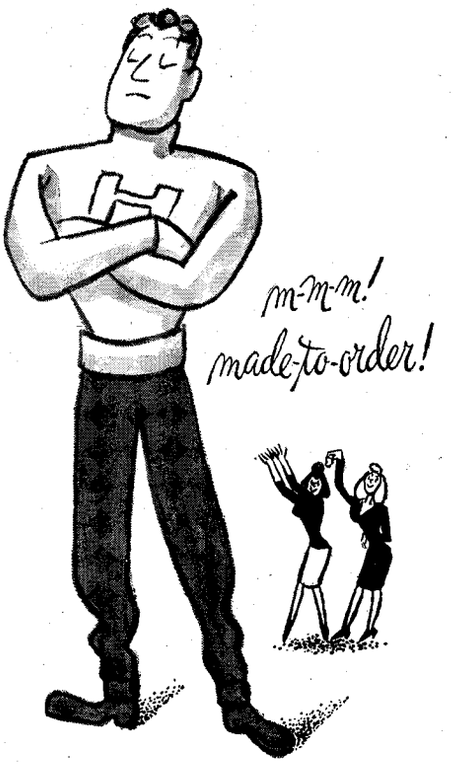
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men to give as much time as they can spare, during the day or evening, repairing and painting furniture for Army recreation centers; women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child-care centers. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to serve as hospital aides, assisting disabled patients to and from physiotherapy wards; women to act as recreation leaders with young people's groups in settlement houses. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic and library aides; men to give as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as orderlies. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during late August and September. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Food cans, as well as wastepaper which is vitally needed for plasma, ammunition, and medicine containers, should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two red ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas continues to be acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66, New York 21, has issued an appeal for old sheets, pillow cases, or other white material which can be used for hospital dressings. . . . American Relief for France is collecting clothing and bedding to send to destitute families overseas. Contributions should be sent to the organization's workshop, at 15 E. 24, New York 10. . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. They should be mailed to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, New York 21 (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitalized veterans who wish to start collections. . . . The Red Cross is asking for portable radios, typewriters, records, and camera equipment for military hospitals. Contributions should be sent or taken to 315 Lexington Ave., at 38, New York 16. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty-five to eighty-five pounds and from fourteen months to three-and-one-half years old for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. The appeal is directed locally to suburban dog-owners only, until the rabies quarantine in New York City is lifted. For information, write to the Chief of the Remount Branch, Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.



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Charles of the Ritz
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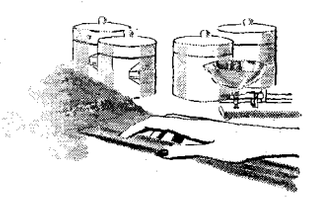
Yes—your very own face powder made-to-order exclusively for you. You'll love watching color after color being blended to match your own skintone . . . to enhance it, if necessary, with the subtle tints it may need. Most wonderful of all, you can reorder any time, no matter where you are . . . by mail, by phone—for your formula is in the Charles of the Ritz file.



PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

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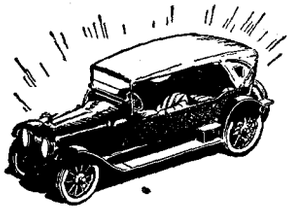
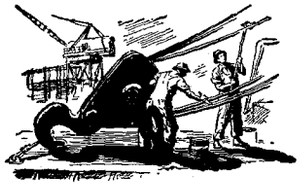
How good is the best?



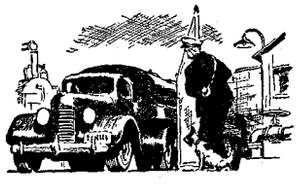
1. In 1915, this $4,850 touring car was a good automobile—one of the best money could buy. In 1915, Union Oil made a good line of greases—8 different types "to meet every lubrication need." Today, the lowest-priced cars are far better than that 1915 car. And they sell for about ¼ as much.



2. Today, Union Oil makes 78 different greases for industry instead of 8! And their quality is equally superior. This doesn't mean the car manufacturers and ourselves weren't doing the best we knew how in 1915. But it does prove the value of *competition.*

3. After all, people were quite satisfied with 1915 automobiles and greases—in 1915. If no improvements had been introduced *we'd be satisfied with them today.* For we'd know of nothing better to compare them with. But fortunately the manufacturers weren't satisfied. Not that they were any more idealistic than the average citizen.

Number of different greases made by Union Oil	
1915	8
1930	49
1945	78



4. But each one knew that if he could put out a little bit better product than his competitors, he could *get more business.* So they all kept racking their brains for improvements. Progress, from year to year, was gradual—as it always is. But in 30 years, these combined improvements made a phenomenal total.

5. As a result, the American oil and automotive industries today have completely outstripped the rest of the world. No monopoly—private or governmental—could have accomplished as much. For there simply aren't the *incentives* to better your product when you already control all the trade.

6. So as long as there's still room for improvement in an industry, the only way to guarantee *maximum progress* is to have an economic system that guarantees *maximum incentives.* Our American system provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S *FIFTH* FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

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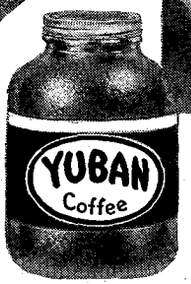
Choice Coffee...
Enduring emblem of hospitable homes

The two estates of Henry Stephenson, Esquire . . . at Burnham, Buckinghamshire, and Cox Lodge, near Newcastle-on-Tyne . . . were typical of the hospitable homes of England's gentry under George III. In such stately residences the artisans of the era found a receptive market for their crafts: Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and the brothers Adam, for their furniture; the Royal Academician, John Hoppner, for such lovely canvases as his portrait of Henry Stephenson's daughter Elizabeth, the Countess of Mexborough; and silversmiths like the renowned Richard Bayley, for such exquisite coffeepots as the one below, which bears these hallmarks and which proves that then, as now, fine coffee was the hallmark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots of Bayley's craftsmanship are hallmarks of hospitality in fine American homes. But in all its history, this pot has never contained coffee to equal that which Mrs. John Whitridge, Jr., serves. A volunteer worker in the Servicemen's Lounge maintained in the Grand Central Station by the Travelers Aid Society of New York, Mrs. Whitridge pours Yuban Coffee for her guests . . . coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant . . . blended from the world's choice sources of supply. Famous for its fine flavor, its distinctive character, and rich aroma, Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee," for generations.



YUBAN *The Guest Coffee*

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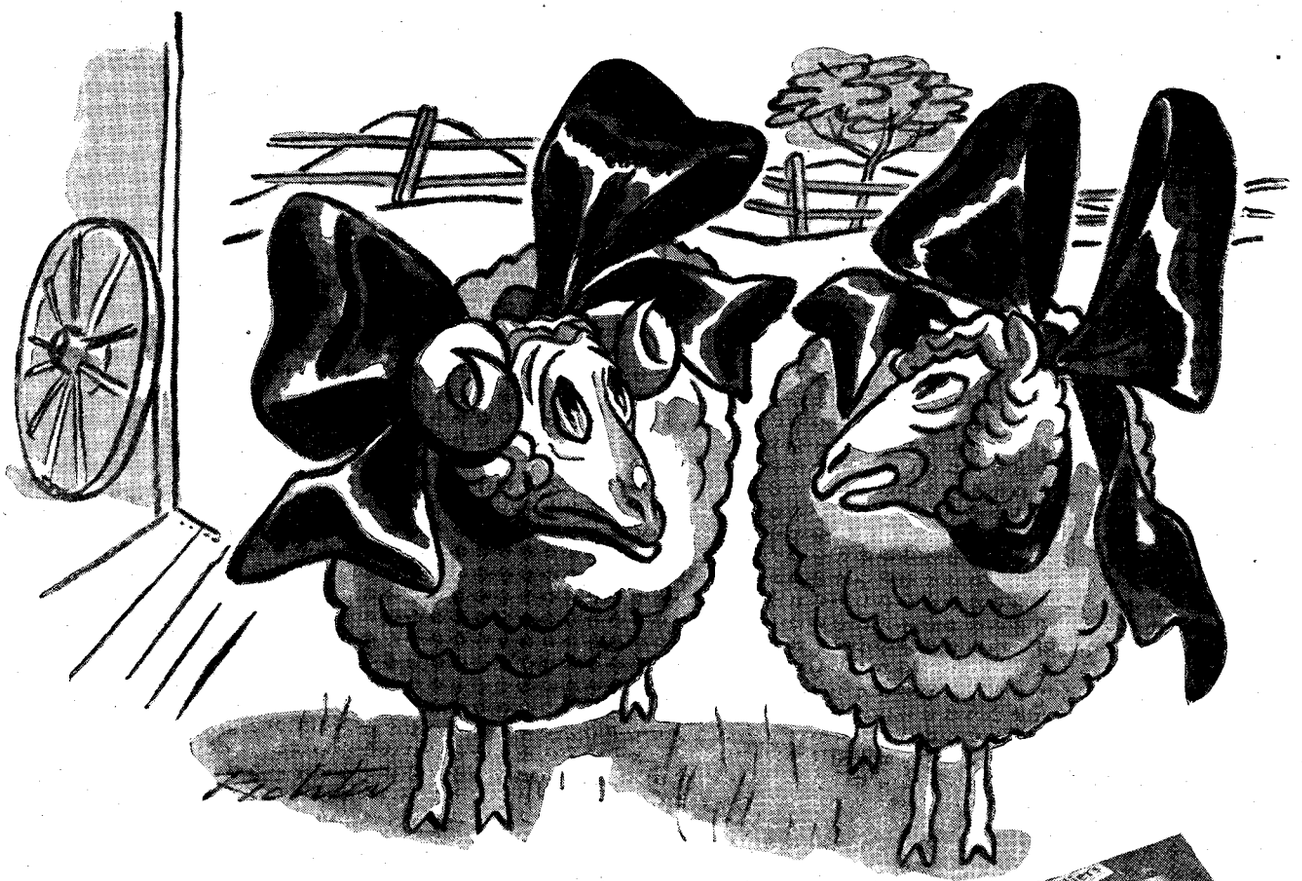
"I wish they'd stick to Farm Journal and not get ideas from Vogue"



Not that FARM JOURNAL ignores the aesthetic side of rural life. Its editors are strong for well-painted buildings and good furniture and rugs, and cheerful curtains at the windows. Every month there is a very up-to-date department of fashions and such things for women and girls. (In the 2½ million farm families which subscribe to FARM JOURNAL, there are more than 5 million females.)

• • •

But when it comes to the crop-raising, stock-breeding, money-making business of farming, FARM JOURNAL is severely practical. There the information it brings is useful, and timely. Alert reporting and fast printing—only four days from writer to reader—put what is new about markets and methods before subscribers while it is still news. Which accounts also in part for that remarkable responsiveness which always surprises new advertisers.

FARM JOURNAL

OF THE *First Four* GENERAL MAGAZINES *One* COVERS THE RURAL MARKET

GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher*
Washington Square, Philadelphia 5

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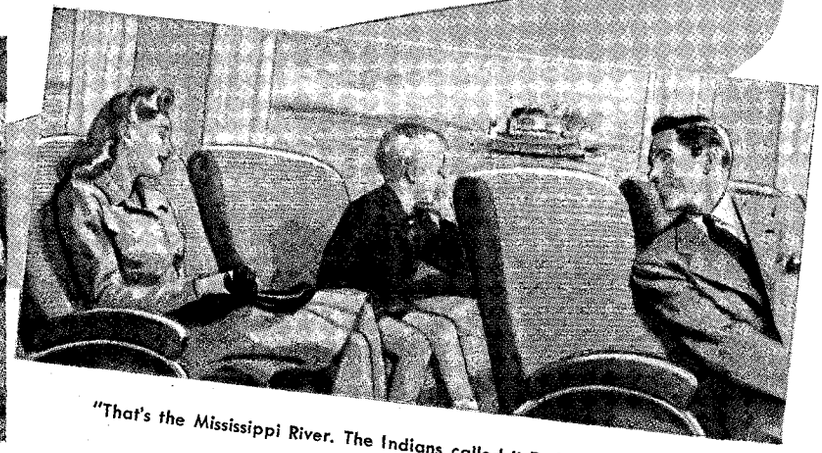
"Oh, to take a trip!"

YOU AND FIFTY MILLION OTHERS...

"We're going to Colorado when it's over" . . . "I want to take the children East to see the folks" . . . "How I'd love to go to Cape Cod for a month" . . . "Aunt Helen wants us to visit them in Chicago" . . . "Wouldn't a few weeks in California be great" . . . "Just to go somewhere on a train."

You hear it everywhere—the vast, repressed longing of travel-loving American people. Except for necessary and business trips, most good patriots are staying home, yielding place to soldiers and sailors and the war-busy. But there's no harm in dreaming. And you may be sure that the railroads, performing a gigantic war task so magnificently, are planning new and more modern trains, new travel comforts and luxuries for you when the emergency is over.

"I'd forgotten how high the mountains are."



"That's the Mississippi River. The Indians called it Father of Waters."

"Don't call—Just let me sleep."

Budd, originator of the modern, stainless steel streamline train, will present still more advanced designs. They will be built of stainless steel—the strongest known structural material used in railway cars. They will embody the latest scientific developments in air-conditioning, lighting, seating and sleeping accommodations. Budd builds entire trains, including reclining chair sleeper-coaches, sleeping cars of all types, diners, tavern, lounge and observation cars. You will see these new Budd-built trains of gleaming stainless steel on the country's most progressive railroads, taking their place with the famous Stainless Fleet which revolutionized railway passenger transportation before the war.

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AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

HE needs paper for the job ahead

SHE sees that he gets it

V-E DAY did not lessen the need for paper. Indeed, the turn-around for the intensified war against Japan has actually increased the need for paper. Millions of items must be protected for the long trip to the Pacific Theater by double and even triple wrapping.

That is why patriotic women are continuing to cooperate with the Paper Troopers or other local salvage organizations to get every scrap of waste paper, periodicals and newspapers back into the fight. Women also help by using their own shopping bags, by carrying purchases home unwrapped and by reusing paper bags and cartons as long as they will last.

McCall's Inspires Women in 3,500,000 Homes

In approximately 3,500,000 homes women look to McCall's for guidance in the adjustments and responsibilities of wartime living. Thus, they *know* that paper is still *America's No. 1 Critical War Material,* and they continue to do their part to help meet the shortage.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper and much of that is salvaged for re-use. McCall Corporation, along with other publishers, has instituted practices which are saving thousands of tons of paper. Because there are not enough McCall's to go around, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with friends.)

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

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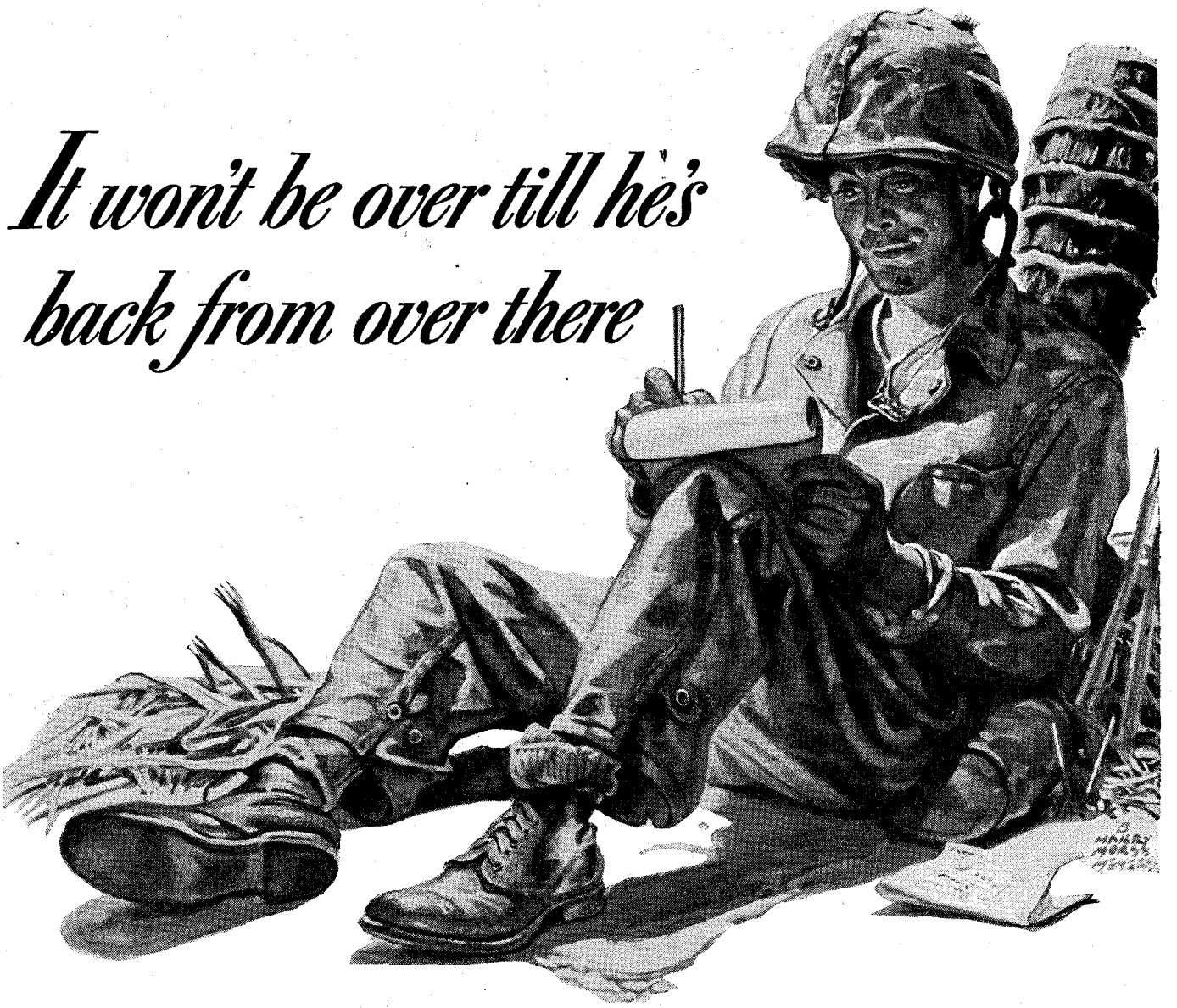
It won't be over till he's back from over there



SIX tons of freight on the beachhead — and another ton coming through every month —that's what it takes to keep him and every other American fighter out there in the Pacific.

And this summer millions of others are on the way to join him — moving clear across the continent and halfway round the world to finish a gruelling, stepped-up job that demands more and more help from all of us.

So day and night you are seeing the greatest westward movement of passengers and freight in history — a movement that, since victory came in Europe, has changed in direction but not in volume.

Passenger cars are needed for the fighters who *must* travel — while every freight car must be loaded quickly, emptied promptly and hurried back to work.

The job is to *"keep 'em rolling."* The railroads still need the cooperation of shippers, of travelers, of the armed services, of the government — the superb cooperation which has so vitally aided in doing the toughest transportation job ever tackled.

To do their vital job RAILROADS NEED MEN.
See any office of the Railroad Retirement Board or the U. S. Employment Service.

AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

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Sensitone Lotion

Monteil creates an entirely new preparation for you who like a light foundation. Conceals blemishes, keeps the skin fresh, clear and lovely throughout the day. A worthy base for the color and sparkle of Monteil's make-up, blending rouge and powder into flattering color echoes of your complexion.

Germaine Monteil

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

STEAM FROM THE BUBBLING CALDRON: Tests conducted at Northwestern University have proved that the most easily heard word in the English language is "strawberry." Five hundred queen bees have been stolen from a man in Georgia—presumably by someone who wanted five hundred queen bees. In Seattle, a man has divorced his wife because her hair aggravated his asthma. While a boy in Illinois was constructing a seven-foot model of the Eiffel Tower out of toothpicks, a man in Kansas City was setting fire to his house to rid it of ants. After the war, lipstick will come in several flavors, including wintergreen, coconut, and absinthe. A dogcatcher in Amherst resigned

the other day after being accused of catching only *little* dogs. And it has been established beyond reasonable doubt that looking at motion pictures raises the body temperature, irrespective of whether or not it elevates the mind.

WE have never believed that there was anybody in the Senate named Bilbo and we don't for a minute believe there is anybody in Brooklyn named Miss Piccolo. As for Vito Marcantonio, it is as unlikely that there is a Marcantonio as that there is a Marconnelly or a Marcopkins. That old clown the New York *Times* has been making up the Bilbo-Piccolo-Marcantonio-dago yarn out of whole pulp. However, it is probably a good idea to have a fictitious character in the Senate typifying race hatred and bigotry, and the sooner the word "bilbo" gets added to the language the better. We are going to sit down this afternoon and compose a sharp note to Joe McWilliams, starting "My dear bilbo."

THE Empire State Building accident supplied the answer to a question that has often been in our thoughts: "What happens when the cable of an elevator breaks?" The answer, apparently, is that the elevator falls and the automatic safety device almost, but not quite, lets you die. It is probably to be expected that a race of atom-smashers is content to ride in elevators that almost (but not quite) fall without interruption.

WE were struck by a remarkable sentence in a Gimbel's ad the other day—an ad featuring phonographs. "They wind up," cried the ad writer enthusiastically. "You don't have to bother about whether your house current is right." This sudden encomium placed so cheerfully on the old crank handle, this unexpected pat on the Past's pretty little head, came as a complete surprise to us, and we suspect it came as a shock in merchandising circles. Just where this reactionary movement might lead, if it were to gain momentum, nobody would dare guess. How about the almost forgotten carpet

sweeper? "You can go anywhere with it—no bothersome cord dogging your footsteps, no dreary, monotonous moan, no blowing of hard-to-get fuses." How about the delectable old icebox? "It's absolutely noiseless. No straining at sticky ice trays, no tiresome defrosting, no worry over the escape of deadly gases." Believe us, Gimbel's has hold of something big, if it only knew it. Bigger than anybody realizes, even in his soberest moments of reflection and recall.

A FEMALE friend of ours recently moved into a small apartment so full of defects as to be really quite charming. One rather obvious feature was that the place lacked kitchen shelves. After watching the pitiful and on the whole rather frightening preparations her husband made for remedying this defect (he went out and bought some twenty-penny spikes and a bottle of New England rum), our friend decided she would manage *without* kitchen shelves. She got looking around the apartment and observed that the bookshelves in the living room had four or five inches of space behind the books. Quieting her husband, she

arranged her supply of canned goods neatly. For extra convenience, she alphabetized everything. Asparagus is behind Sherwood Anderson, cherries behind Conrad, peaches behind Proust. She is as happy as a child about all this.

THE American Museum of Natural History missed a nice chance when it housed the exhibit of the Thoreau Society. It should have added that passage from the "Journals" that goes: "I hate museums; there is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the catacombs of nature. One green bud of spring, one willow catkin, one faint trill from a migrating sparrow would set the world on its legs again. The

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life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death."

Anyway, it was a nice chance.

Aftermath

THE claims office that the Judge Advocate of the Army Air Forces has set up in the Empire State Building had investigated about a hundred claims when we called around one day last week—twenty-eight for personal injuries, the rest for property damage. None of the relatives of the dead had filed claims up to that time. We found that the Judge Advocate's power to pay is limited to $1,000 on any claim; for anything above that, Congress must approve. The office has twenty investigators working in and from the building, and half a dozen Signal Corps photographers. The claims they had looked into ranged from the loss of a handbag by a stenographer to the wrecking of a boiler owned by De Luxe Negligees, Inc., of West Thirty-second Street. There is a disposition on the part of businessmen who suffered minor damage to take the viewpoint that this is no time to be nagging the Air Forces. Leo H. Newman, an optometrist, lost a couple of letters out of his neon sign, but he didn't enter a claim and is indignant that the *News* said he did. Lieutenant Colonel James A. Travis, who is in charge of the claims office, told us that he had been getting fine coöperation from everybody. We gathered that the Empire State Building itself may make the biggest claim against the Air Forces, but that seemed not to be absolutely certain; the Empire State will have to have it out with the insurance companies, and it may be that they will stand the cost. They probably will if it is decided that they insured against such damage, for the government doesn't ordinarily remunerate insurance companies for losses.

The individual who suffered the largest property damage was, of course, the sculptor Henry Hering, whose studio on top of a building across the street was wrecked, along with most of its contents. We called around to see him and found him digging around the debris. "Been going golfing in Scarsdale every weekend for forty years now," he said, "and the day of the crash I decided the weather was no good. Fellow comes in to clean up for me said I ought to go anyhow, and I went. Otherwise I'd have had that engine right in my lap. Didn't hear anything about this until I was on the seventeenth tee, when a boy came running out with the news that my studio had been destroyed. That was all he knew. I figured I must have forgotten to put out the light under the gas heater. It was kind of a relief to find out that I'd remembered to turn off the damned heater, but, on the other hand, I guess it wouldn't have made much difference if I *had* left it on. First thing I thought about when I got in here was my golf-club models—brassies, drivers, No. 4 and No. 5 woods. Designed a set of clubs before the war that Butchart, the greatest golf-club maker of them all, thought were the best he'd ever seen. Only turned out thirty-six sets because of the war, but I've got a patent on them, and, believe me, they're going to be popular once I can get them into production. Anyhow, the clubs were all mixed up in this pile of stuff, and I couldn't dig around for them until the airplane parts had been removed. Must have been forty Army men around at the time. Now that things are calmed down a little, I've been able to find fifteen of the clubs, but I'm still looking for the other eight. Most of my sculpture, of course, is ruined—about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of it. But I still have my health and a couple of good lawyers. Soon as I get some of this ruin straightened out, I'll go back to work." He paused thoughtfully. "Had a bust in there of David Graham Phillips. Just finished it late in '44 and couldn't get bronze to cast it in. Worked two years with photographs to get the likeness. Oh, well . . ." He resumed digging for his golf clubs.

Mystery Woman

THERE is a girl in the Village who reads the *Herald Tribune* but can't be bothered to dress and go out early on Sunday just to get it, so she has a deal with a newsstand man on Twelfth Street; he saves a copy for her, even if she doesn't come until evening. It's always waiting, marked "Miss X."

High Juggler

LAST week we finally found the small inside room on the third floor of the Hotel Astor where Lew Folds, the juggler who tosses assorted objects around in the prologue of "Carousel," lives, and knocked on the door. Mr. Folds, with whom we had an appointment, shouted to us to come in. We found him in his shirt sleeves, balancing on his chin a white stick at the top of which was a spinning tray. "At your service," he said, and the tray fell off the stick. We had to duck smartly. Keeping a wary eye on our man, who soon began to toy with three Indian clubs, we asked him about the current state of the juggling profession. "There are only about fifteen high-class juggling acts in the U.S. right now," he told us. "That made it tough to fill the spot I've got in 'Carousel.' The producers must of looked over half a dozen applicants before I turned up with the high tricks they wanted." We asked him to explain high tricks. "That's the kind of juggling," he said, "that you can see plain over the heads of the cast. I toss clubs and balls right up to the overhead lights in 'Carousel' and I also do a little magic. Since it's a period piece, though, I can't use all my stuff. Besides the clubs and balls, I only use a high hat and tray in the show, where I'd ordinarily throw in plates, tambourines, parasols, fans, and a couple other props. I think I hold the American record for bouncing balls—six at one time. I'll show you." Mr. Folds, whose room is strewn with the paraphernalia of his trade, got six balls out from under a pillow on his bed and commenced bouncing them furiously on the rug. "The fellow downstairs may not like this," we suggested. Mr. Folds ignored our remark and said, "This rug is too slow. Come on into the bathroom." We followed him there and he demonstrated on the tile floor that he is indeed master of big-scale ball bouncing. We congratulated him. "I'm no Rastelli," he said modestly. "*There* was a juggler—stand on one hand, balance three balls with the other, and maneuver something else with his feet. Nobody like him now. He had the most expensive act in the Wintergarten in Berlin in 1925. Of course, he was a third-generation juggler; I'm only a first-generation man."

When we asked Mr. Folds about his career before "Carousel," he responded by handing us a brief autobiographical account of himself written in longhand on Astor stationery. "Put it together to save you time," he said. We ran over the first page of his autobiography while he practiced keeping five balls going overhead. "Born," the manuscript began

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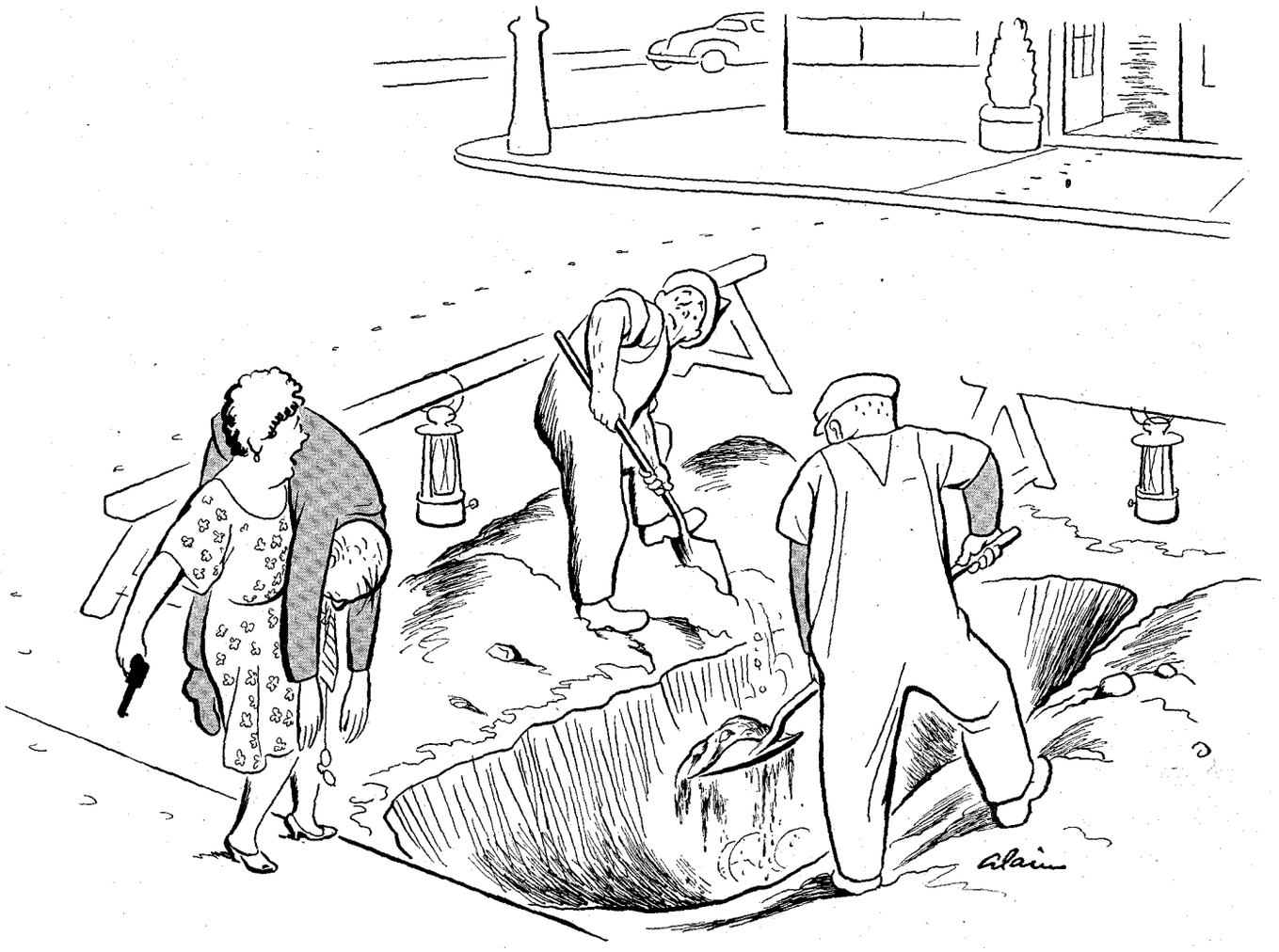

"Do you mind?"

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briskly, "Mura St. Martin, Hungary, Nov. 26, 1906. Came to America at age of 7. Lived in Sarajevo, Bosnia, where my father was mayor. This was the scene of the assassination that started first World War. My father was also newspaper editor of American Hungarian Daily in Cleveland, O., about 1914. Also lived on farm. Worked in stove factory, was also in trucking business and also a welder. Took up dancing for a hobby and turned pro. Teamed with 7 different partners with no success." We inquired about this failure. "I work alone," said Mr. Folds, "I do all right. I work with a girl, right away my heart and duty get all mixed up. It's the Hungarian in me. It was a girl, though, got me into juggling. Mickey Du Vall—God bless her—taught me how to juggle three balls when she was on a bill with me in Rochester in 1939. Took me six months to work up to five balls and three years more to work up to six balls. Then I finally gave up dancing entirely. If I try for seven I'll have to train for about ten more years. Some jugglers figure an even number of objects is harder to handle than an odd number, but I've got as many lumps on my head from dropping three clubs on it as I ever got from dropping four."

Mr. Folds is unique among jugglers in that he arrives onstage in full dress with all his equipment concealed under an opera cape. He has designed a belt to hold his trays, clubs, balls, and parasols. He feels as comfortable, he says, as the average man does in his undershirt. "Funny thing about me in full dress," he remarked. "Everybody thinks I look like Dracula when I get into one—I mean like Bela Lugosi when he's Dracula. One time when I was in Philadelphia, Lugosi was playing there and I went backstage to see if I really did look like him. I talked Hungarian to him and he was real friendly. He looked like me all right, only older, so I figure I must look like him when he was playing Dracula." "Does it bother you?" we inquired. "What the hell?" asked Mr. Folds rhetorically. "It's probably a break. Maybe I'll wind up as the first combination juggler and monster."

Business

AT the end of a concert at the Lewisohn Stadium the other night, we were glad to note that a couple of ushers ahead of us were applauding harder than anyone else. We had just begun to work up a little homily about where the true lovers of music are to be found when one of the ushers stopped applauding. "Keep clapping, dope," the other said sharply. "One more encore and we're on overtime."

Fast and Fair

WE happened (nobody's business why) into the Court of General Sessions one recent afternoon just as Judge James Garrett Wallace was

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"Now, I'm going to depend on you to tell me when to stop."

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starting in on the task of passing or adjourning sentence on forty-two felons, an assignment he finished in two hours and eleven minutes. According to a court attendant with whom we spoke, this is a course record. The rush came about, he told us, because Judge Wallace was leaving the next day for a month's vacation in Maine and had decided to wind up his unfinished business. The total of the sentences imposed amounted to a hundred and nine years and three months to two hundred and thirty-nine years and six months, according to a rough tabulation we kept. The attendant added that of all the judges in General Sessions only Wallace could have presided over so many cases in a single month and thus have given himself so many sentences to pass. "Never known anyone like him," the clerk said. "He can dispose of almost any trial in half a day, and he can pass even the longest sentences in five minutes flat. Of course, he has the sentences pretty well figured out before he gets down here. He's not only a very fast man, he's a very fair one."

We were surprised to find the air-conditioned courtroom a rather festive place. Each of the convicted men was brought into the courtroom only long enough to be sentenced, and their lawyers, most of whom were sprawled in the jury box and at the counsel tables, were apparently old friends who took advantage of the occasion to joke, gossip, and talk shop. Mrs. Sara Speaks, a prominent criminal lawyer with several clients bound up the river, sat in the first row of spectators' seats and crocheted doilies between appearances before the bench. Three persons who had been robbed and a woman who had been raped had shown up for the final appearance of the criminals against whom they had testified. Otherwise, the atmosphere was practically Rotarian.

Judge Wallace stayed or adjourned sentencing in the cases of twelve of the forty-one men and one woman who appeared before him. Uncertainty about the prisoners' criminal records was responsible for most of these adjournments, but postponements were granted to two men who had been shielding accomplices and had decided to come clean and bargain for a reduction of sentence. All the men took their punishment calmly. The woman, who had been engaged in a series of burglaries with a boy friend, fainted when she got a year and three months. Five of the men were veterans with honorable discharges. A sixth was a sailor who had stolen a taxi and cruised around town picking up fares to help finance his shore leave. A convicted robber of thirty-three, who had never before committed a felony, was given a suspended sentence. He was one of the three men in the whole group with no criminal record. Two felons addressed the Court in their own behalf. One promised to go back to his aged parents in Puerto Rico and the other said he had been totally unconscious the night he climbed a fire escape to the third story, jimmied a window, and robbed an apartment. Neither statement made any impression on Judge Wallace.

The last man sentenced was a forger. He was brought over from the federal jail, where he was awaiting trial on half a dozen other forgery charges. Judge Wallace sentenced him to two and a half years in state prison, apparently to be served when he completes several decades already owed on sentences in other states, plus whatever sentence he receives from the federal courts. During his sentencing the question arose wheth-

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er he was an unregistered alien. According to the Court's information, he had been born in Vienna; his attorney claimed that he had been born in New Orleans and had a photostat of a birth certificate in his pocket to prove it. "Probably a forgery," Judge Wallace said, but he stayed sentence and ordered the certificate to be investigated. Then court was adjourned. As Judge Wallace was leaving the room, he turned to his entourage and said, "After all this rain, we ought to get some pretty decent weather during the next month."

Short Short

WHILE more or less patiently holding onto a phone in his office last Thursday, a Washington friend of ours heard the following even-tempered exchange between two long-distance operators:

"I have a priority."

"So have I."

"But it's my turn, Honey."

That settled the argument.

Spam Man

WE had a drink Thursday afternoon with Jay Hormel, the man responsible for Spam, when he happened to be in town. Mr. Hormel (accent on the first syllable) is a stocky, swarthy man who looks something like a good-looking Indian chief, and he is tired of being identified as the man responsible for Spam. He feels sure that he has heard all the Spam gags worth hearing and thousands of Spam gags not worth hearing, and on occasion he has the drawn, trapped air of a man who knows he is certain to hear a good many thousands more. In his office at the Hormel plant in Austin, Minnesota, he keeps what he calls his Scurrilous File, in which he dumps the letters of abuse that are sent to him by soldiers everywhere in the world. "If they think Spam is terrible," Mr. Hormel told us, "they ought to have eaten the bully beef we had in the last war. Maybe that's where the verb 'to beef' came from. Maybe the verb 'to spam' will come out of this war. Nothing would surprise me any more." He blinked his eyes. "The language people use!"

Mr. Hormel toyed with his drink for a moment, then went on. "As a matter of fact," he said, "Spam is only a small part of our business. We've been running a respectable slaughterhouse for fifty years. Our gross has doubled every five years since we started; last year it was over a hundred and thirty million dollars. We didn't even get around to putting Spam on the market until 1937, and before that we'd put up canned ham, chili con carne, soup, chicken, and the Dinty Moore line of spaghetti and meatballs. Sometimes I wonder if we shouldn't have . . ." Mr. Hormel didn't finish the sentence. We got the distinct impression that being responsible for Spam might be too great a burden for any one man. "It's all right," he said defensively in a moment. "Damn it, we eat it in our own home." He shook his head and added, "Trouble is, we eat a lot of things in our home that other people won't eat. My wife is French—I married her after the last war—and she likes calves' brains and stuff like that." He straightened his shoulders. "I don't care," he said. "Spam's fine food. There's nothing in it but shoulder of pork and chopped ham and the know-how of cooking it—none of the mysterious ingredients soldiers claim to have found in it." We offered Mr. Hormel a pretzel stick and, to steady him, asked him where the name Spam had come from. "Well," he said, "we'd been working on the problem of canning a nonperishable pork product for a good many years and at last we solved it. Then we had to find a name. We drew up a list of specifications for it. The name had to be short, both for display purposes and so we could run it in one-column ads. It had to be different from any of the words associated with drug products. It had to be nondescriptive and copyrightable. Finally, it had to be pronounceable in practically any language. We offered a prize for the best name and had everyone in the plant—we have around six thousand employees—trying to think of something really good. At a New Year's Eve party at our house a fellow felt sufficiently inspired. As if it was nothing at all, he said, 'Spam.' I knew then and there that the name was perfect. In a couple of months we got our advertising campaign under way. And if I do say so myself, we made use of one of the first singing commercials ever developed."

We warned Mr. Hormel that it was perhaps enough to be responsible for Spam without going around boasting that he'd used one of the first singing commercials, but he smiled the bitter smile of a man who has been compared to Hitler and Hirohito. "It's too late now," he said. "In fact, we're going ahead with something new—a shortening that we intend to put on the market soon. What do you think of when you hear the name Spam?"

"Something to eat," we said.

Mr. Hormel shook his head. "You think of Spick," he said. "That's what we're going to call our new product. The veterans will have a fine time with that."

Plight

A YOUNG woman we know recently dislocated her shoulder and had to keep her elbow strapped to her side. Not wanting to wear anything so conspicuous as a length of bandage or a piece of old sheeting, she bound it with a small leather belt. On her first day out, a motherly-looking saleswoman in a department store leaned over the counter and said gently, "Excuse me, dearie, but do you know you got your arm caught in your belt?"

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TOWN HOUSE—II

"I HATE meetings of any sort," Jack Tremaine said as soon as he came into the library. "I hate bulletin boards and bylaws and restrictions and schedules and punctuality. My father wanted me to be a soldier and he put me in military school when I was eight years old and I didn't get out until I was sixteen and I've hated schedules and bulletin boards and planned living ever since then." His beautiful wife had followed him into the library. Pete and Esther Murray and Carol and Larry Hyler were already there and Larry was drinking a whiskey-and-soda. He offered no one else a drink.

It had been hot in the city that day, but the blinds of the library had been drawn, and now, in the late evening, the tall room was as cool as a cellar. Once the three couples had settled themselves, it occurred to Larry that they looked like the remains of a family, separated by age and fortune, brought together in a gloomy house to hear the provisions of a will. It was the housing shortage that had brought them together. None of the three couples had been able to find an apartment in the spring, and they had decided to combine and rent a town house on one of those bleak side streets leading east from Central Park, where stained limestone-and-marble houses stand like a deposit left by the great fortunes of the last century. Before the housing shortage had driven the families together, their friendships had been the half-forgotten friendships of schools and colleges, and as Esther Murray often said—she was the most serious of the three women—they were only living together because a lack of city planning, heightened by the financial debauchery of the nineties, had been precipitated into a housing crisis by inflation and the war.

"I hate meetings, too, Jack," Carol Hyler said, "but we simply had to get together. We've got to do something about the kitchen. Larry and I cannot afford, on a lieutenant's pay, to eat in a restaurant every night, and if we're going to share the kitchen, we've got to make some plans."

"I knew we were going to have to do something about that kitchen," Esther Murray said. She was a thin-faced girl with an intellectual air, the daughter of a Unitarian minister. Her darkening red hair looked as though it had been curled with rags, and she wore a lacy cotton dirndl that showed her bony arms.

"Couldn't we get another cook?" Jack Tremaine asked haughtily.

"No, dear, we can't," his wife said, and she turned and smiled at him.

"The only thing I can think of," Carol said, "is some kind of program where we share the work. I know we've tried this before and it's been a failure, but I think we ought to give it another try."

By "failure" Carol meant bitter quarrels and accusations, forgotten obligations, scorched ironing boards, and broken heirlooms. No cook would stay with them for more than a week, and when the women tried to help one another in the kitchen there was always trouble.

"Coöperation is the only solution," Esther said. "The trouble with this house has been our unwillingness to realize that this is a coöperative arrangement, a coöperative dwelling. We haven't approached our problems in a coöperative spirit."

"Now, I've gone into this thing," Carol said. "That's why I wanted to talk with you all. We can get one of the students from the Hunter summer school to come here five times a week and set the table and wash the dishes. We'll give her twenty dollars a month and her dinners. I can get a cleaning woman to come in twice a week and keep the kitchen decent. That will cost about twelve dollars a month. We don't seem to be able to cook together, so why don't we take turns cooking? I'll cook on Monday, Lucille on Tuesday, Esther on Wednesday, and we'll each check the staples on our particular day and buy whatever is needed. It may not work, but at least we can give it a try."

"It sounds dandy to me, dear, it sounds dandy," Lucille Tremaine said, and she looked at her wristwatch. She had the prominent, disarming forehead of an infant and a child's light, fine hair. Her grandfather—or maybe it had been her great-grandfather—had been rich, and the legend of his wealth seemed to have given her a gentle and very expensive grace. She wore a simple dress and a cool and bitter perfume.

"I don't see why we can't get a cook," Jack Tremaine said. "Everyone I know has a cook."

"They have more money than we have, dear," Lucille said.

"It may cut into my classes, but I'm willing to try," Esther said. She was taking night classes in Spanish and the modern dance.

"It sounds all right to me," her husband said, and wiped the sweat off his head. At thirty, he was a bald and a heavy man, and his weight troubled him in hot weather.

"Why don't you let me start?" Esther said suddenly. "I'll start on Monday. I'll have supper ready at six o'clock."

"Six o'clock!" Jack Tremaine said. "My God! I'm not out of the bathtub before seven."

"Let's make it half past seven, shall we?" Carol said. "I'll tell the girl and the cleaning woman to come on Monday."

"I'll have supper ready at half past seven, then," Esther said.

"We're all well-bred people, aren't we?" Jack Tremaine said. "Even if we can't get a cook there's no reason why there should be any unpleasantness about dining, is there?"

"Everything will work out all right if we learn to coöperate," Esther said. "We have a lot to gain and nothing to lose. The only reason we're living together is because a lack of city planning has been precipitated into a housing crisis by inflation and the war."

There was nothing to say after this, but all six of them remained where they were, enjoying the cool of the room. They had paid for the privilege of sitting in a town-house library with many fierce disagreements, but now all past unpleasantness seemed remote. "We've got to run along, dear," Lucille said to her husband. Then, to the others, she said, "We're going down as far as Fiftieth Street, if anyone's going our way. If we can find a cab." No one was going their way and the Tremaines said good night. Then the Hylers went up to their bedroom to play gin rummy. The Murrays went up a little later, turning out the lights in the library. While Esther put her red hair up in curlers, Pete read aloud to her from Brill's lectures on Freud, a subject that interested them both. They had read as far as the chapter on Breuer's cathartic method. "'In my eagerness to

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reproduce the psychiatric scene at the beginning of the century,' " Pete read, " 'I have reported what surged through my mind in as orderly a fashion as possible under the circumstances . . .' "

DURING the month that had preceded the meeting in the library, Larry and Carol Hyler had eaten all of their meals in restaurants, and it seemed to Larry that he had been hungry all month. He was a lieutenant in the Army Transportation Corps and the only tenant of the house who was in uniform. He was stationed in Brooklyn, after a year at sea, and he never found time to eat more than a doughnut for breakfast or a sandwich for lunch. It struck him that the plans for cooking Carol had proposed were simple and sensible, and, when he approached the house on that Monday evening, he looked forward to eating at his own table instead of in one of the expensive and dismal restaurants in the neighborhood.

There was a pleasant smell of cooking in the hall when Larry unlocked the door. This was reassuring. He went upstairs to say good night to his small son, and then he and Carol joined the Tremaines in the library for cocktails. Pete Murray came in later and poured himself a glass of beer. At half past seven they went down to the dining room, where they found Esther waiting for them at a table set with a simple and palatable meal.

"A quiet dinner at your own table is the keystone to a civilized life," Jack Tremaine said, helping himself to chops. He had the imperious table manners of a man who feels he is above blame. He put an ice cube into his soup and attacked his salad with a knife. "Of course Lucille and I dine out a great deal, but we don't have as many invitations now that everyone's in the country, and I hate eating in the places around here."

"They're grim, simply grim," Lucille said. "All the women talk to themselves."

"There was an old man at the Brunswick who talked to himself," Carol said. "The hostess told us he was a kleptomaniac. He was always trying to make off with the silver."

"Kleptomania is very common with the old," Esther said. She ate with a slow and polite hand and the others spent some time waiting for their dessert while she cut her meat into little pieces and put them into her mouth.

Lucille cooked dinner the following night. It was a hot night and they made a meal of soup, salad, and rolls. Lucille had baked the rolls herself, and this had excited her so that she had lost her appetite. "I get terribly excited when I cook," she explained. "I get so excited that sometimes I cry, I just cry. Once I tried to make a Mornay sauce and it curdled and I cried and cried." It was Carol's turn next. She seemed to look on coöperative cooking as a challenge. There was a chilled cream soup, a casserole made of wine, oysters, scallops, and shrimps, an avocado salad, and, for dessert, strawberries. Esther's second meal was simpler than her first, but it was sensible and filling. Lucille made a shrimp jambalaya on Friday. On Saturday both the Tremaines and the Hylers went to the country. On Monday Carol cooked chicken breasts with ginger and at the table commented on how much money she and Larry had saved during the week of communal dining. "Everyone knows that communal living is much more sensible and economical," Esther Murray said. "I could have told you that." It was Lucille Tremaine who seemed happiest about the success of their arrangements. It was her first brush with serious housekeeping and that their plans worked at all seemed to her magical. "We have divine meals and it doesn't cost a cent and everyone should live together," she told her friends.

"Madam, we got no floor with electric toasters."

IT was in the third week of the new regime that Larry Hyler began to feel hungry again. Once Lucille Tremaine had learned to make rolls, she made them all the time, and when she cooked dinner there was never anything but rolls, a thin soup, and a salad. Carol, it seemed, tried a more difficult dish each time her turn came around, and some of them were more indigestible than filling. There were cassoulets and soufflés, calves' brains and mushrooms, steak with artichokes, and crabmeat in wine. Esther Murray's interest in Spanish and the dance became more and more intense and her meals more and more simple. She was still enthusiastic about coöperation, though. "Coöperative living has got to be accepted sooner or

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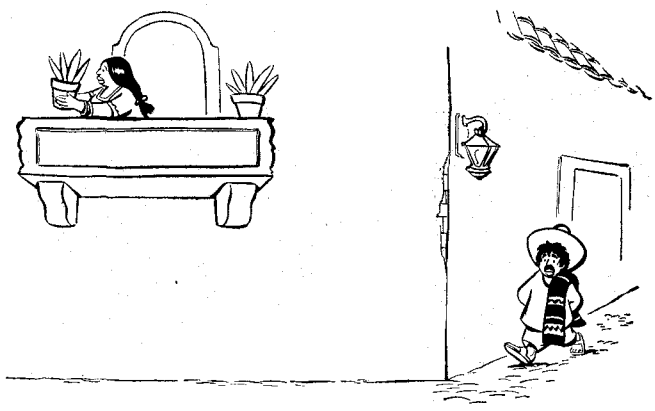

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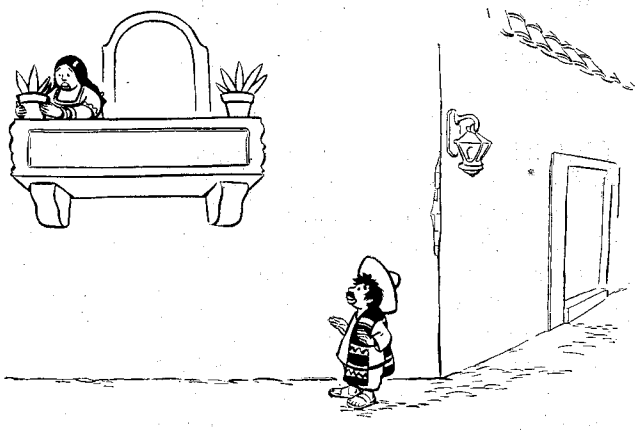

later," she said at the table one evening late in their third week. She scratched her arm vigorously on the edge of the table, a reminder to the others that her self-conscious manners had been the first to go. No one could remember exactly when it had happened, but she had lost her self-consciousness, and with its loss she seemed to have transported the dinner table—or her part of it, at least—bodily from the dining room, with its flowers and candles, into the hard light of the kitchen. She ate as though she were participating in a contest, trying through practice to pare seconds and minutes from her eating time. She smacked her lips, overloaded her fork so that it sometimes spilled its load before reaching her mouth, and scratched her arm on the edge of the table. "Coöperative living has got to be accepted sooner or later," she went on. "A highly individualized way of living is expensive and impractical, and privacy is not worth what it costs. Coöperative dining rooms, coöperative nurseries, coöperative kitchens, coöperative houses will all have to be accepted sooner or later. The servant class is gradually being absorbed by the middle class. In another decade there won't be any servants. Labor-saving appliances are not going to solve everything, and people have got to learn to share one another's work."

Esther had cooked the dinner that night and the main course was a thick-skinned fish that tasted of drains. Larry had tried a few mouthfuls and then had given up. He had been hungry when he came to the table and the poor meal put him in a bad temper. He was still hungry. He noticed that the Tremaines had also stopped eating and were waiting for a chance to excuse themselves. "After the war I'd like to join a big coöperative," Esther said. "Just think of the advantages you'd get for the loss of a little privacy. Doesn't anybody like my fish?" she asked suddenly. "If the fish isn't good, it isn't my fault. The man in the fish market said it was good. Well, I can't be tied down to a kitchen stove, not for anyone. I'm late for my class as it is." She got up from the table and took her hat and purse from a table near the door. "Good night, Pete," she called to her husband. "I'll be back at eleven. There're some apples in the icebox." Her gentle, absent-minded husband continued to eat his fish. The Tremaines excused themselves and the Hylers followed. Larry was so hungry that before going to bed he went downstairs and drank a quart of milk. While he was there, Jack Tremaine came down to make a sandwich for Lucille.

NEXT day Larry planned to eat a large lunch, but the threat of an inspecting general kept him at his desk most of the day and at noon he had only a sandwich and a container of coffee. That night, when he came home, he noticed that the double doors of the morning room were closed, and behind them he could hear the muffled, excited talk of people who are drinking. He had lived in New York long enough to know that storm of conversation well; he had heard it before, like the roar in an enormous sea shell, in the halls of remodelled brownstones and the corridors of apartment buildings at six and seven and eight o'clock. He went on upstairs. His son had been put to bed and Carol was waiting for him in their bedroom. She explained that the Tremaines were entertaining but that Lucille had insisted upon cooking dinner for the house, since it was her turn. He and Carol went down to the library. It had been understood from the beginning that any one of the couples in the house could entertain without inviting the others, but sitting in the library that evening with the doors to the party across the hall shut in their faces, Larry and Carol looked for an instant to one another like servants waiting in a pantry.

Larry mixed some Martinis. "I had a doughnut for breakfast and a sandwich for lunch," he said. "These drinks hurt." Carol found a box of cheese crackers in the library pantry and he ate all of them. He was still so hungry that there was a keen pain in his stomach. At eight o'clock the pitch of talk in the morning room had only heightened and Larry mixed another shaker of drinks and opened a jar of peanuts.

The Murrays came into the library a little after eight. "Isn't there going to be any dinner?" Esther asked waspishly, and Carol told her what she knew. Esther opened her Spanish grammar. Her husband stood by the window.

"I've got to have something to eat," Larry said after a while. "If they don't come out of there in another five minutes I'm going downstairs and boil an egg."

As he spoke the doors of the morning room opened and the Tremaines and six drunken guests moved across the hall and started down the stairs, talking and laughing in loud, shrill voices. Lucille Tremaine motioned to the Hylers and Murrays to come along. A light chafing-dish supper had been arranged on the sideboard in the dining room, and after the Tremaines and their guests had served themselves the Murrays and the Hylers helped themselves to the remains, which amounted, in Larry's case, to a spoonful of lobster sauce on a piece of toast. Anger and hunger must have been written on his face as he stood at the edge of the noisy crowd, because Lucille called to him over the heads of her guests. "I hope there's enough to eat, Larry," she said. "We're going on to the theatre and I thought a chafing dish was such a good idea." Then she turned again to the man on her right, who was telling a long story about how

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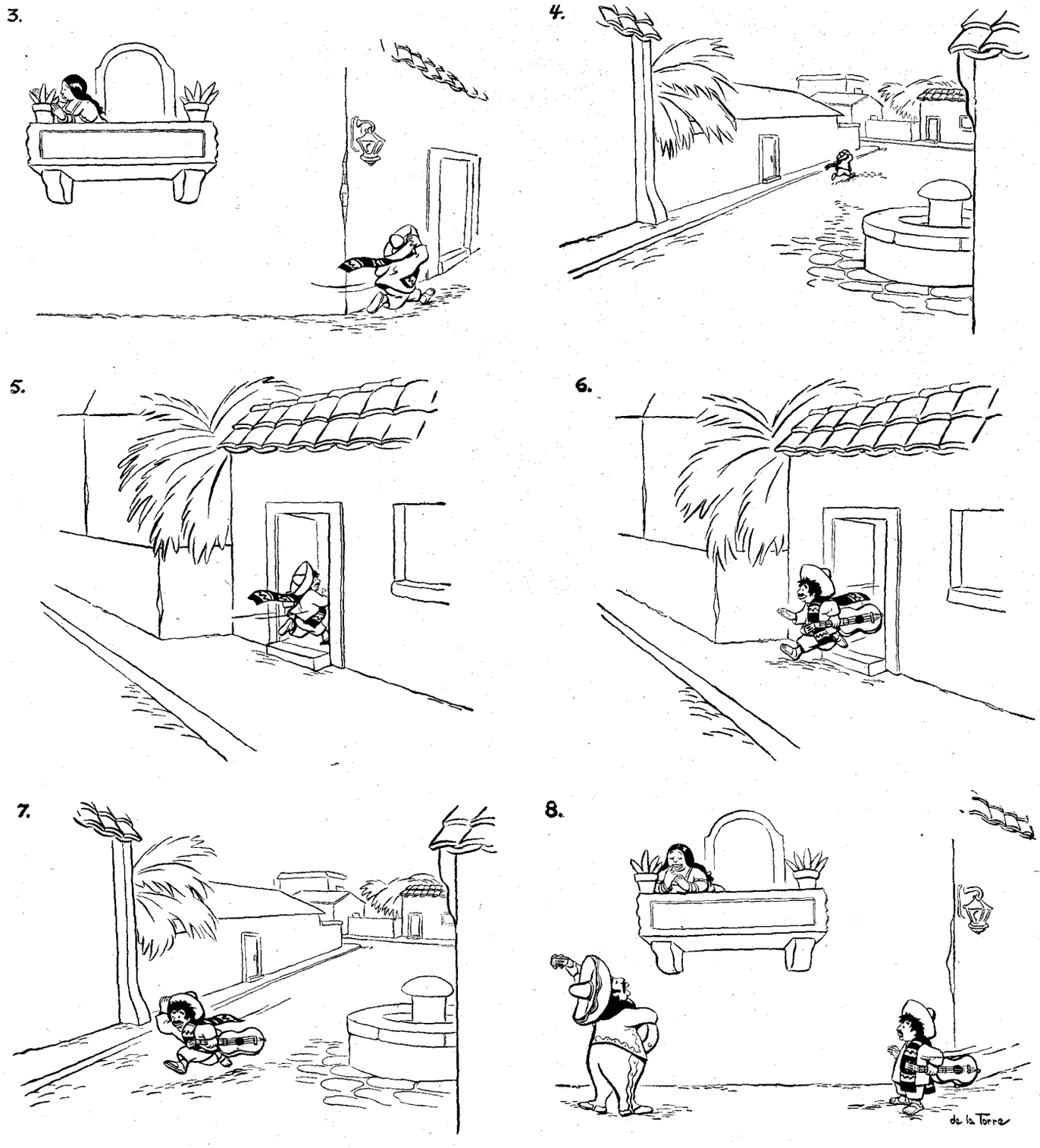

the Radnor Hunt had ridden a fox into his swimming pool.

LARRY knew that he could count on a filling meal the next night because it was Carol's turn to cook, and when he came home he found her in the kitchen working at a table covered with egg-shells, herb jars, the stained pages of an Escoffier cookbook, half-empty wine and liquor bottles, flour, butter, dirty saucepans, and orange rinds. Her hair was stuck to her forehead with sweat. "Hello, darling," she said. "Can you smell it?"

"What?"

"Try," she said, "just try and smell it. It's so strong it's making me sick."

"I can't smell anything," Larry said.

"You're not trying," Carol said. "Come here. Look at this." She lifted a cover from a pot at the back of the stove. Whatever it was was covered with mold. "It's that lentil soup Esther made," Carol said. "She won't throw it away and she won't put it in the ice-box. She just lets it sit there and mold and the smell is making me sick." She covered the pot and went back to her work. "You have time to take a bath if you want. Dinner won't be ready until a quarter to eight. It will be the most wonderful dinner you've ever had," she said bitterly.

Larry took a bath and then went down to the library and made a drink. Carol called to him a little before eight, and just then the Tremaines and the Murrays came down from their

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"It must be nice to have your husband home again!"

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rooms. Then they all went into the dining room and seated themselves at the table. Carol and the girl who washed the dishes put on the soup. It was a cold shellfish soup. Carol's face was dark when she sat at her place. She didn't touch her soup.

"I told the Halsteads we'd be out on Friday night," Lucille said to Jack. "Mother's going to Hyannis on Wednesday."

"Did you read the letter from Harry?" Esther Murray asked Pete. She had wolfed her soup and was ready for the next course.

"I read the letter," Pete said.

Carol and the girl removed the soup plates and brought in a platter of duck cooked with herbs, wines, and fruit. Carol only picked at her food, Larry noticed.

"If we go out to the Halsteads' on Friday," Lucille said, "we'll miss Helen's wedding."

"They won't notice," Jack said. "It's going to be a big wedding. Did you buy them a present?"

"I got them one of those salad bowls with a silver-handled fork and spoon. The girl said they could return it."

"Harry said that he might come to New York in the fall," Esther Murray told Pete. She spoke with her mouth full.

"I know," Pete said. "I read the letter."

The girl cleared off the plates and Carol went into the kitchen to finish the dessert. She returned with a baked Alaska, which Larry served.

"I wonder if Mother's closing her house," Lucille said. "If she's going to Hyannis, I guess she must be closing the house."

"Please, may I be excused?" Esther said, and she and her husband left the table. The Tremaines followed.

"I feel that we ought to go to Helen's wedding," Lucille said as they went out the door. "Perhaps we can tell them that I'm sick . . ."

Carol slumped in her chair when the door closed. "I worked over that meal since eight this morning," she said, "and I lay in bed last night planning the damned thing. I had to shop in six stores to get the food, and that duck has been marinating since noon. I had to flirt with the butcher on Madison Avenue to get the butter and I had to walk over to Second Avenue to find small onions, but if I'd put hamburger and canned peas in front of them they wouldn't have known the difference. You'd think at least one of them would say something about the dinner. Pearls before swine. Look at it," she said, gesturing toward the table and the wreckage of the meal. "Pearls before swine."

"Take it easy," Larry said. He was tired himself. "The mistake you make is in working too hard. Just give them simple things."

"I *can't* cook simple things," Carol said angrily. "I've *never* been able to cook simple things and you know it. If you don't like my cooking you should have told me before this. You must have suffered a lot in the last six years. Why didn't you tell me my cooking was bad? Why don't you go out and eat at the corner drugstore?"

"I'd be happy to eat at the corner drugstore!" Larry shouted. "I'd be happy to eat there or anywhere else where I don't have to fight to get something into my stomach. All I want is a little hot food. All I want is to be able to come home at the end of the day and get a little hot nourishment."

"Don't shout," Carol said. "They'll hear you."

"I don't care if they *do* hear me!" Larry said. "All I want is a little hot nourishment and if I can't get it here I'll get it at the corner drugstore."

"Please, darling, please don't shout," Carol said, and tears filled her eyes. "They can hear everything you say up the dumbwaiter, and if you shout it will be all over town that we're not getting along together. We can't even quarrel, we can't even have a family quarrel."

ON the following night, Larry was so hungry on his way home from Brooklyn that he bought a bag of salted peanuts at a subway stand and ate them on the train. They left a metallic taste in his mouth. He could hear some activity in the kitchen after he let himself in, and as he came up the stairs the library doors opened and Carol stood there. She looked very serious. "Come in here for a minute, darling," she said.

Jack and Lucille, as well as Carol, were in the library. Lucille was drinking straight whiskey. "Larry, dear," Lucille said, "you won't believe me.

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You simply won't believe what I'm going to tell you."

"Tell him," Jack said. Jack was standing by the fireplace.

"You will not believe what I'm going to tell you," Lucille said. "You know tonight was my night to cook dinner. I bought squab. They're not hard to cook, and Jack's like a wild thing in the night for squab. Well, I went downstairs at about seven to rustle up the dinner and there she was." Lucille leaned toward Larry. "There she was, washing her hair in the kitchen sink."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" Carol said.

"Every time the doorbell rings I think it's the Board of Health," Jack said.

"Washing her hair in the kitchen sink," Lucille said. "I did social-service work in Boston all one summer and I want to tell you I never heard of such a thing. I refuse to cook dinner in a kitchen where someone's washing their hair. I refuse to go into a kitchen where someone's washing their hair. I told the summer-school girl she needn't come any more, and as far as I'm concerned the coöperative arrangement is off. Jack and I are going to have our meals sent in."

"Isn't it terrible?" Jack Tremaine said. "The things you find out about people when you have to live with them. Now, you know you could sit beside her in the theatre and you'd never know she washed her hair in the kitchen sink. You might even have lunch with her, you might meet her at a party and you'd never know."

"There she was," Lucille said, "with her head under the tap and red hair all over the dish drainer. They used to live in a cold-water tenement. She told me they used to live in a cold-water tenement and she always washed her hair in the sink there and she didn't see why she should change."

"You'd never know she lived in a tenement just by looking at her, would you?" Jack asked. "You just can't tell about people's looks any more."

"I'm hungry," Larry said, and he turned to Carol. "Let's call the whole thing off ourselves and eat in restaurants."

"Not me," Carol said. "We can't afford to have our meals in restaurants, for one thing, and, for another, I'm not going to give in to her. If she wants to make a battlefield out of the kitchen I'll meet her halfway. I'm paying rent on that damned kitchen and I'm going to use it."

"I'm hungry," Larry said. "It seems to me that I've been hungry ever since April."

Larry looked up at the tall limestone façade of the town house when he came home the next night and wondered what it would hold in the way of disagreements and food. As he passed the Tremaines' bedroom door he could hear the noise of china and silver and he supposed they were enjoying a meal some restaurant had sent in. On the way up the stairs to his own bedroom he smelled frying meat. It was an alien smell to find in the hallways of a house that had been built by some nineteenth-century merchant as a measure of his success. Larry wondered if it had been railroads or oil wells or the grain elevators of Kansas that had paid for the stained-glass skylight and the panelled walls and the holy-water stoup in the vestibule. He opened the door to his bedroom and heard the hiss of frying meat. He found Carol sitting on the edge of the bathtub, frying lamb chops on an electric plate.

She looked contrite and pretty when he kissed her, and she made no explanation. She had on a fresh dress and wore a cloth flower in her hair, the chops smelled good, and he asked her nothing. "If you go down to the kitchen and get an ice tray we can have some drinks," she said. "I brought up the shaker and the things."

He went downstairs and when he entered the kitchen he saw the reason for Carol's defeat. Esther and Pete Murray and their small daughter Ramona were there. There was nothing violent or disorderly about the scene, but there was a sense that the Murrays had taken possession of the room. Pete Murray was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking beer and reading an evening paper. Esther was bathing Ramona in one of the set tubs. The child was crowing with pleasure and splashing water onto the floor. Esther sang to the little girl as she sponged her. Her voice was small and pleasant and the song was an English song that Larry had heard before, and in the song a man promised his girl the keys to Canterbury and that all the bells of London would ring to make them merry if she would be his bride, his joy, and only dear, and walk along with him anywhere.

—John Cheever

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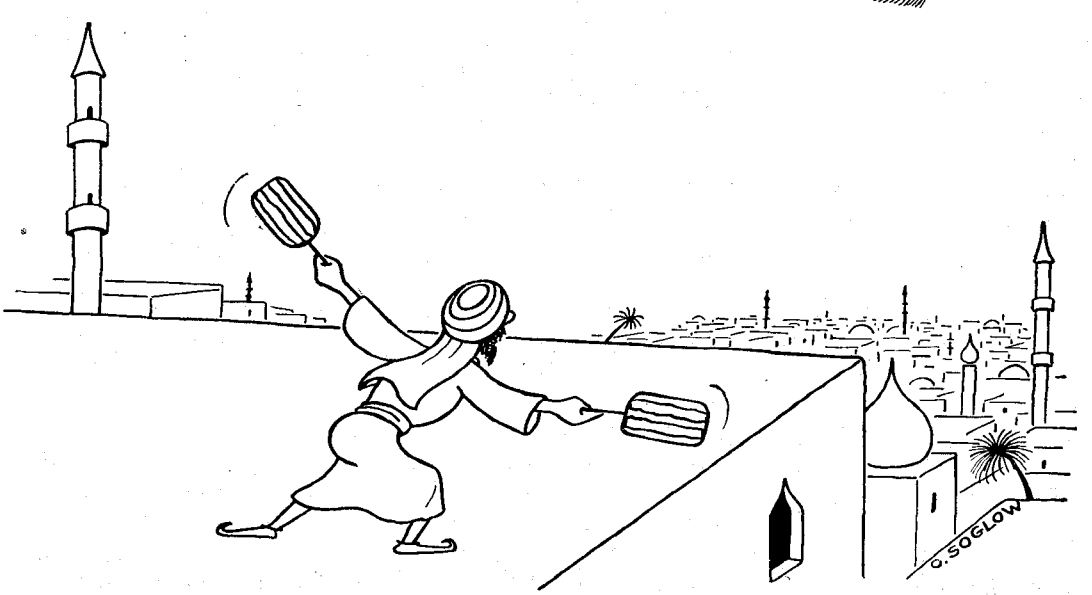
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Alice (Tex.) Echo*]

Cal Bowers, best all around athlete at William Adams High School last year, has joined the navy and is now awaiting his call. He will be missed greatly in all young circles. Some more than others.



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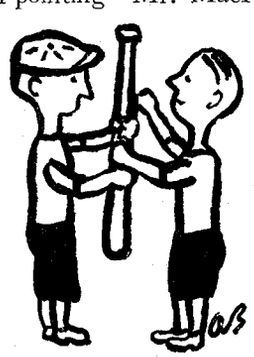
NOTES FOR A FILM BIOGRAPHY

I WENT to see "Rhapsody in Blue" the other night, and as an intimate friend of George Gershwin's I was struck by the fidelity with which it followed his life. Ah, the memories it brought back! That night when the Rhapsody had its first hearing, when George rushed from the concert platform straight to the bedside of his dying music teacher, dear Professor Frank! It was I who buttoned his greatcoat about him on that historic occasion, I who whispered into his ear, "Mind the snow, George." (I was a little hurt that this was left out of the picture.) Too, I recalled so well the sweet Julie Adams—Julie, who sang the leads in all of George's shows and who fell in love with him so helplessly, so self-sacrificingly. I saw Julie just the other day, and we chatted over old times. She is in the Wacs now, still sacrificing. And what a pang went through me when I heard the screen figures of George and Ira once more playfully referring to each other by those pet names that I knew so well, "Mr. Words" and "Mr. Music." It was a bit of life, I tell you.

As I pondered upon this and other screen biographies, thinking, too, of the coming life stories of Cole Porter and Jerome Kern, it occurred to me that the picture companies, desperate for subjects, might someday be offering up their millions for the story of my own life. Fearing that the bidding may be something less than spirited, and always with an eye to a couple of million dollars, I am taking the liberty of pointing out a few of the more dramatic episodes in my life, and suggesting how they may be enhanced for the greater enjoyment of the picture-going public. For the guidance of the producers I shall first describe each episode as it actually took place, then sketch in a few small adornments. These are purely suggestions, and I am sure that the screen writers will find ways to enlarge upon them.



Episode No. 1

The facts: As a little boy of seven, in Pittsburgh, I wheedled a penny out of my father and went across Walnut Street to Shornhorst's grocery store, where I bought some candy. I then returned home.

Suggested treatment: When I am in the middle of the street a runaway horse comes along, dragging behind it a buggy in which are a man and a little girl. The little girl, a beautiful child with golden hair, is crying out with terror and clinging desperately to the side of the buggy. Without a second's hesitation I throw myself at the foaming beast and drag it to a stop about a block farther down, just in front of a house on which there is a placard reading, "Stephen Collins Foster, American composer, was born in this house on July 4th, 1826." The camera moves slowly along the walk and up to the placard, which dissolves to reveal a Mississippi levee scene in which a group of darkies are singing "Old Black Joe." There follows a medley of Stephen Foster melodies, with Lena Horne and Bill Robinson. When this is over, the camera comes back to the street, and the man, who has now had time to get out of the buggy, says, "My boy, you don't know what you have done. I am James B. MacFarlane, the richest man in Pittsburgh, and this is my daughter Beatrice." I am lifted up into the buggy and taken to the big house on the hill, where an enormous party is in progress, with Sousa's Band to play the dance music. Mr. Sousa plays "Stars and Stripes Forever," followed by a medley of all the other famous Sousa marches, during which the camera shows highlights of the American Revolution, the War of 1812, Perry on Lake Erie, the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and finally Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders going up San Juan Hill. At this point Mr. MacFarlane says, "It so happens that President Roosevelt is in Pittsburgh this very day, campaigning for reëlection, and I have asked him to drop in." We then hear a great cheer in the street, and Teddy Roosevelt enters. Sousa's Band strikes up "Hail to the Chief," but Roosevelt raises his hand and says, "No! My favorite song is 'Shine On, Harvest Moon,' just the way Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth used to sing it down at Tony Pastor's." So Mr. Sousa's Band plays "Harvest Moon," and the camera cuts to Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth at Tony Pastor's. After that everybody is introduced to Teddy Roosevelt, and Mr. MacFarlane says, "This is my daughter Beatrice. She is only six years old, but we think she has a very good voice and we would like her to sing for you." Little Beatrice sings "My Dolly's Face Is All B'oken," and at the finish there is a closeup of Mr. Sousa, who is heard to remark, "That little girl will be a great figure upon the concert platform." Then it is my turn to be introduced to the President, and Mr. MacFarlane tells how I stopped the runaway horse, and Mr. Roosevelt says, "My boy, that is in the finest American tradition. I would like to help a boy like you. What would you like to be when you grow up?" There is a long pause, and then I say, "Nothing." Everyone agrees that I have a good chance to make it. Then Mr. MacFarlane says to Mr. Roosevelt, "Mr. President, what do you think of the future of the world?," and Mr. Roosevelt says, "We have just finished a great war with Spain and I hope that it will be the last of all wars. But America must be prepared, for I fear that we will have a great war with Germany in 1917. I wonder," he says, "what the war songs will be like in those days." As he is speaking, the music strikes up and we hear a medley of war songs from 1917—"Over There," "Tipperary," "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm," etc.—and at the same time the camera shows great guns booming and shots of the battlefield. When I get home my father says, "Where the hell have you been all this time?," and I say, "I stopped a runaway horse and was at Mr. MacFarlane's house on the hill and President Roosevelt was there." Of course Father thinks I am lying and he turns me over his knee and spanks me with a hairbrush as we fade out.

Episode No. 2

The facts: I took a short trip to London. One day I went to the offices of the American Express Company, where I was expecting a money order from home for fifty dollars, which I badly needed. The clerk said he didn't know anything about it, and would I please not block the line?

Suggested treatment: Before I can think of an answer to this crack, a distinguished, white-haired old gentleman enters, accompanied by a beautiful girl. He goes right up to the cashier's window and says, "Bleakley, I will take a hundred thousand pounds, please." The clerk says, "Yes, Mr. Ambassador." This gives me a hint. It is James B. MacFarlane, now our Ambassador to England. I say to him, "Mr. Ambassador, you don't remember me, do you?" He says, "No." Immediately, however, the beautiful young lady says, "Oh, but I do! You are George S. Kaufman, who stopped that runaway horse and saved our lives so many years

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ago." "How wonderful!" says the Ambassador. "You must live at the American Embassy while you are here!" Naturally, I agree, but before we leave the Express office the Ambassador turns to Bleakley and says, "I think I will take along those three shares of stock that you are holding for me." "Three shares for the Ambassador!" cries Bleakley, and everybody gives them, resoundingly. (A certain amount of comedy is necessary in a picture of this sort.) Anyhow, on the way to the Embassy, we drive along the Strand, and presently the Ambassador says, "There is the famous Savoy Theatre, where Gilbert and Sullivan presented all their celebrated operettas, beginning in 1881." As he speaks, the front of the Savoy Theatre slowly changes to the way it was in 1881, and the fashionable English ladies and gentlemen of the day are shown arriving at the playhouse. Presently the strains of the English anthem are heard, and everyone comes to attention. It is Queen Victoria, accompanied by Disraeli. As they enter the theatre, Disraeli is heard to remark, "Your Majesty, it is essential that England should control the Suez Canal, or we face war with Germany in 1914 and again in 1939." After a medley of all the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operettas has been played, we continue our drive toward the Embassy, and the Ambassador, looking out of his car, says, "Oh, there is Albert Hall!" "Let's stop and talk to him," I say, "because I know his brother, Frank Hall." (As I have said, a certain amount of comedy is necessary.) The Ambassador explains that he means the famous concert hall, adding, "My daughter Beatrice, who is now a well-known concert singer, is giving a recital there this very evening." At this we dissolve to the interior of Albert Hall that evening. There is, of course, a fashionable audience, and the camera pans slowly along the lobby, revealing the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, Winston Churchill, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Rudyard Kipling, and Gilbert Miller. Then the Ambassador and I are shown in a box, all ready for the concert to begin. The strain that we are under shows in our faces—will Beatrice make good before this distinguished gathering? Beatrice sings "Ave Maria," which brings an ovation from the crowded house, so she sings "Ave Another Maria." After the applause has died down, the Ambassador turns to me and says, "By the way, Mr. Kaufman, what about your career? What became of your wonderful plan to do nothing?" "I think I have succeeded in it pretty well," I reply a bit stiffly. "Indeed you have," says the Ambassador graciously. "Your teachers must be very proud of you." The camera then cuts to two of my teachers, back in Pittsburgh. One of them, Miss Hornaday, is running a two-balls-for-a-nickel concession in Kennywood Amusement Park, and the other, Miss Funk, is in jail. It is Christmas Eve and Miss Funk is singing "Silent Night." The camera then comes back to Albert Hall and after the concert we all go to a famous night club, where Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Noel Coward are performing. Noel Coward does a medley of all his song hits. In the middle of the last number there is a terrific disturbance out in the street and everybody rushes to the door. The Ambassador, looking at the building across the street, says, "The lights are going out in the Polish Embassy!" Germany has marched; it is war!

EPISODE No. 3

The facts: Two weeks ago I carried a couple of shirts around the corner to the Chinaman. He said he would have them ready on Thursday.

Suggested treatment: I sail for China, where James B. MacFarlane is now our Ambassador and his daughter Beatrice is giving recitals in the Chinese music halls. The Ambassador gives a party for me at the American Embassy, where the famous Chinese composer, Tinkle-Foo, is one of the guests. After a medley of Tinkle-Foo's compositions has been played . . .

But that's enough to give the general idea. The picture companies will please line up on the left.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

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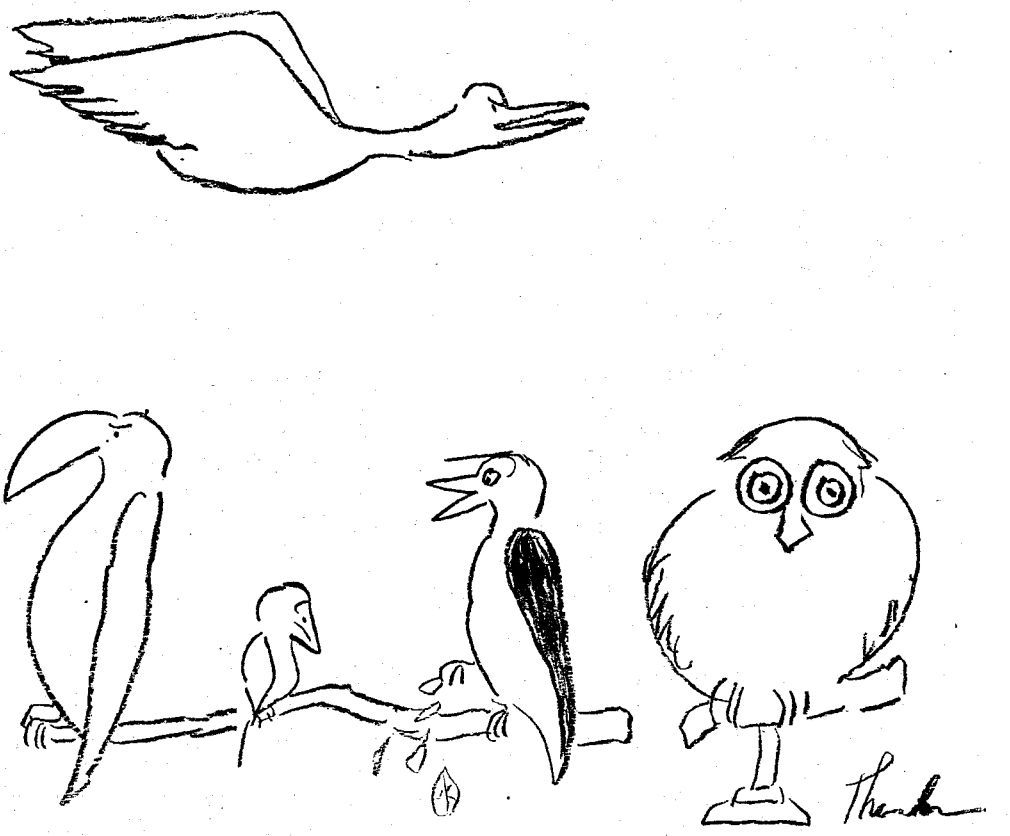
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY

A GROUP OF BIRDS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE



(Left to right) the Whited Sepulchre; the Misfit; the American Playboy, or Spendthrift, also sometimes called (southern U. S. A.) the Common Blackguard; a Stuffed Shirt; and (above) a Termagant.

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AMATEUR ART STUDENT wants to purchase 3 Dimensional Cross Section study of Female Body. By cross section I mean a number of the type a magician hypothetically makes, if he sawed from head to foot, 20 or 25 times, or like sawing a tree trunk. State price. Box 960-K.—*Adv. in the Saturday Review.*

You've certainly got us in the spirit of the thing, anyway.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

WELCOME HOME, JOHN AND MARG

FOR many English people the war seemed to begin with their first sight, in September, 1939, of the evacuated London children, either waiting on railway platforms with bundles in their hands and labels pinned to their coats, or arriving, dazed but still cheerful, at some village clearing station. This mass migration was recently repeated, but in reverse. In a single week, the government brought thirty-seven thousand children into London on special trains from all parts of England and restored them to their families. I got permission to travel on one of these trains, in company with a hundred and thirty children who boarded it at Bridgwater, a pleasant old country town in Somerset. My most constant companions were a couple of evacuees named John and Margaret Day, fifteen-year-old twins who are natives of West Ham, a section of London down by the docks, and who had been in the country for five and a half years. I had met them the day before, and I was planning to stay with them right to the point at which they left off being country kids and officially became cockneys again.

The Days had been billeted four miles outside Bridgwater, in North Petherton, a long, straggling village chiefly remarkable for a magnificent old church. I had gone down to North Petherton ahead of time, and the afternoon before they left, I was invited to call to have a talk with Mr. Rogers, the village butcher, with whom John and Margaret had been staying. It was a hot day, and the place was still and drowsy as I walked along. The vicar came out of a little baker's shop, carrying a cake in his hand; the church clock struck the quarter in a rich, leisurely way; and a tabby cat slept in a cottage bed of snapdragons. After this, I thought, West Ham was going to seem somewhat overcrowded. Mr. Rogers' establishment, at the other end of the village, was like a doll's butcher shop set in a little yellow house. Because it was Monday afternoon, when the butcher shops in this area are closed, the tables and hooks were bare and scrubbed spotless. Mr. Rogers, in clean white shirt sleeves, was waiting for me. He was a big, gray-haired, bespectacled man, and he looked kind and dignified. He and I went through the shop into a small parlor full of shining bits of brass and mahogany. Mr. Rogers said that John and Margaret would be in directly. "September first, 1939," he said. "That's when they came to me. They were only little nippers of nine then. It's a long time." He said that he had lost his wife a year ago and that a daily woman came in to look after him. Because it was too much for the woman to manage, Margaret slept out at a neighbor's and came in for meals. "My wife was always very proud of John and Margaret," he said. "When they first arrived, they were sickly—they'd been in one of these sunshine homes for children. The good country food and the fresh air worked wonders. Later on, Margaret got rheumatic fever and missed a lot of her schooling, but my wife nursed her round from that. I think it's been a wonderful thing, this evacuation of London children. From all points of view, I mean. My wife and I were West Country people, brought up in country ways that you might call simple, I suppose, and we had no idea how some poor Londoners lived. It was a shock, you know. Some of the worst cases down here made your heart ache. Well, they're going back now with plenty of new ideas on soap and water and so forth. But how are they going to get on when they get back? That's what I wonder." He shook his head. "Take my two," he said. "I got John a job as errand boy down at the grocer's here. He's happy as a king, John is. He doesn't much fancy the idea of London again. I wrote and told his mother that she must try and get him a job which keeps him in the fresh air as much as possible. His mother's a widow, a very nice woman. She's been down here to see the children. But they're going to miss the fresh air and the fields. Yesterday they had their last Sunday dinner with me. We went out in the garden and picked four pounds of raspberries and red currants and brought them in and stewed them ourselves. I couldn't help wondering to myself when they were going to get a feed of fresh fruit like that again."

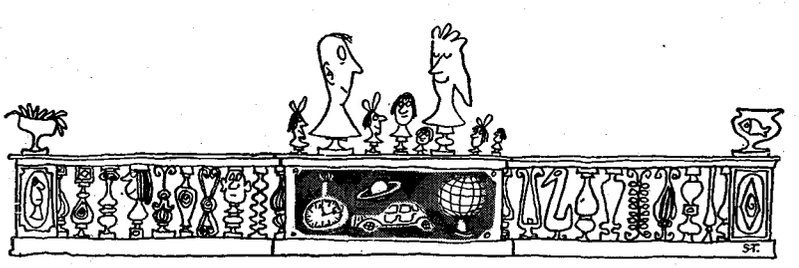
The twins came in at that moment and, after shaking hands with me, sat down on the edge of their chairs and looked at me expectantly. They were exceptionally tall for their age, but otherwise they were not particularly alike. Margaret wore glasses and had shoulder-length brown hair. She looked very nice in her blue-and-white cotton frock and bobby socks. John had a thatch of dark hair and a wicked, engaging grin. Mr. Rogers regarded them proudly. "Do you know what John's been doing?" he asked. "He's been sewing—making a little case for a knife he bought in Bridgwater. He's wonderfully quick with his hands—carves little model planes quite skillfully. Go and get one to show, John. Hurry, now." John went off and brought back a model of a night fighter, which he handed to me, smiling sheepishly. "You'd better let me pack up the models for you, John," said Mr. Rogers. "The packing that's going on! I don't know how we'll ever get their things in, I'm sure."

"I've got a sailor's kit bag for *my* stuff," said John.

"I've got a tea set," said Margaret. "I brought it down when I come, and only one piece got broken since. I never did find out rightly who done it, either." She looked at John, who stared into space.

"And the books they're taking back!" said Mr. Rogers. "John's got two that were given him, each costing a guinea, all about aircraft. I'll have to box them up and send them on after you—that's what I'll do."

I asked them how they felt about seeing London again, and John said, "When I come, I thought this was a crazy place, but I don't now. I like it best." He looked disturbed as he sat working his new knife back and forth in its case.



"Well," said Mr. Rogers in a deliberately cheerful voice, "it's only natural. They've made a lot of friends here, and five and a half years is a long time at their age. They've

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got on well with our North Petherton children. There's a little girl of five at the house where Margaret sleeps who's going to miss Margaret. Oh, yes, she *is* going to miss Margaret." Margaret said nothing, but her eyes flickered behind her glasses.

I said that I would be at the Memorial Hall, where the children were assembling, at eight-thirty next morning, and after saying goodbye to Mr. Rogers, I went back to the village pub, where I was staying the night. That evening, as I was taking a stroll through the village, I saw Margaret. She was the center of a knot of girls dressed in Girl Guide uniforms. Margaret still wore her cotton frock, but she had a Guide hat clapped on the back of her head. She was shouting happily.

"Why is <u>this</u> cigar any better than <u>that</u> cigar?"

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NEXT morning, as we stood among the piles of luggage in the Memorial Hall, I said to Margaret, "I saw you with the Guides last night."

She giggled. "Miss Cooper fell in the stream," she said. "We was tracking, and Miss Cooper tried to jump the stream, and she fell in, smack. My, she was wet!"

I said that I supposed that she would join the local troop of Guides when she got home. "I dunno," she said evasively, and the conversation petered out there. Her hair was tied back with red-white-and-blue ribbon, undoubtedly saved from V Day. John, who was amiably shoving and being shoved by another boy in one corner of the room, wore a neat navy-blue raincoat. Reading the labels on the luggage, I spotted his bulging kit bag among the collection of suitcases, trunks, and oddly shaped brown-paper parcels to which a young woman was tying labels that had "EVACUATION RETURN PARTY" and the owner's name and address on them. The children wore the same sort of labels pinned to their coats. The colors of the labels varied according to the district to which they were returning. The Days wore the blue labels of the West Ham party, and so did a couple of biggish, sandy-haired boys called Eddie and Gerald. The boy John had been shoving was another West Ham evacuee, named Leonard. He was a smaller boy, in short pants; he had watery eyes and the bland expression, nicely balanced between cheek and beautiful innocence, of the born cockney. He and the four other West Hamites kept together as the roll was called by the wife of the North Petherton doctor, Mrs. Beggs, who was the chief billeting officer. While this was going on, I had a talk with the village schoolmistress, who had come down to say goodbye to the children. There were under a dozen children in the North Petherton contingent, and she explained that this was because so many of them had already been fetched home by parents. "We started off with about four hundred, I think it was, in 1939," she said. "The people round here have been wonderful to them. Lots of the children are going to come back as soon as they're big enough, I feel certain. They've learned to love the country. When they first came, it was all very strange to them, and they used to pull up the vegetables in the allotments and bring them home, thinking they were wild, you know. And the stomach aches from stuffing green cider apples! But they soon learned."

The bus that was to take us to Bridgwater station turned up, and the smaller boys began to squeal and scuffle excitedly. Margaret, who had been moodily holding the cardboard box that contained her tea set, started to scuffle too, as though it might lift her spirits. One bigger girl of about sixteen, who was with her younger brother, was trying not to cry, but her round pink face and round blue eyes were woebegone. "In 1939 they were crying just as hard at the idea of coming here," Mrs. Beggs said, dashing past with a handful of papers. "Now, start getting the luggage out, everybody!" A group of village women, some with babies in push chairs, were waiting outside, by the iron railings, to say goodbye. One or two of them were tearful. A little boy, extraordinarily neat and holding a large bunch of red sweet Williams, was in the midst of a harrowing parting with his foster mother. Sniffling, he climbed aboard the

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bus; his foster mother stood flapping a handkerchief and trying valiantly but unsuccessfully to smile. The rest of us got aboard too.

"Goodbye, children!" called Mrs. Beggs. "Happy journey!"

"Goodbye, Mrs. Beggs!" the children called back.

The bus started, all the women by the railings waving and shouting last-minute instructions.

"Cheerio, North Petherton!" Margaret shouted. She fell back in her seat and began scanning the cottages and gardens for some final familiar figures to wave at.

THE bus drew up outside Bridgwater station, alongside other buses that were setting down parties of chattering, labelled children holding suitcases and parcels. The clerk of the Bridgwater Rural District Council, Mr. Blay, and his chief billeting officer, Mr. Dewar, whom I had already met, were rushing about and sorting out the children according to their labels, with the assistance of several other billeting officers and some London schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who had come down to act as train escorts. I had been taken on as an extra escort (the ratio was one escort to every twelve children) and was adorned with a large blue label. "Blue this way!" someone shouted, and we obediently trooped into position on one side of the station yard. John shouted goodbye to some friends who were marching off into red and yellow groups. Margaret, who seemed alternately in high spirits and depressed, was still mounting guard over her tea set. "Mr. Rogers wouldn't say goodbye this morning," she told me. "'E just put 'is 'and on our shoulders like this"—she laid a hand on my own shoulder—"and then 'e turned away without speaking. 'E gave us two pounds each last night."

Leonard, who had been watching the proceedings with an air of superior cunning, like a small fox terrier, suddenly slapped the suitcase he was carrying and shouted, "I've got a whoppin' great piece of 'am in 'ere!"

"So've I!" cried Margaret, cheering up.

"They killed the pig specially for me," said Leonard. "I've got eggs, too."

"Where'd you get 'em?" asked Eddie, who had a little down along his upper lip and looked as though he was about to shoot out of his clothes in all directions.

A HUNDRED MINNOWS

A hundred minnows, little-finger length,
Own the slim pond. In sets they make
Maneuver: all one way
Change-minded, yet of one mind where clear water
Clouds with their speed an instant;
All one speed, one purpose, as they veer
And suddenly close circle; and some leap—
There! at an unseen fly,
There! at nothing at all.
Brown minnows, darkening daily
Since the thin time, the spring,
Since nothingness gave birth to such small bones,
Beat the soft water, fill
The wet world; as one,
Occupy movement, owning all August,
Proud minnows.

—MARK VAN DOREN

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"The 'en laid 'em," said Leonard simply.

"I've got a chicken in mine, and a lot of bird's eggs," said Eddie, slapping his box. "Keep clear of my bird's eggs, you kids, see?"

Mr. Dewar, the chief billeting officer, came up to me. He was a military-mustached man in a sporty check coat and a pork-pie hat. "Shan't be sorry when today's over," he said. "It's a game getting them off. We'll still be left with some even then. These are only the kids who've got homes to go to and whose parents haven't been bombed out, and so on. Two of these boys are taking a couple of young geese back to London with them. Want to come and have a look?" I followed him over to an automobile, out of which two boys were lifting a wooden crate from which an irritable hissing noise was coming. "Are you going to be able to keep them all right at home?" asked Mr. Dewar dubiously. "We've got grass in our back garden," one of the owners said optimistically. "Geese don't want nothin' much but grass."

The billeting officers were beginning to shepherd the children into the station by groups. Just before our blue party moved, a smart-looking young woman in the uniform of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade trotted up, accompanied by one of the officers. She singled out the tearful fair girl and her brother, parted the hair on each of their heads, and peered hastily at their scalps, inspected the palms of their hands, and trotted off again. "They didn't come for their medical on Friday when we all did," Margaret explained. I asked why their heads and hands had been inspected. Margaret said it was for scabies, a skin disease that evacuees had frequently introduced into country schools.

The spirits of our party mounted rapidly as we got past the barrier and onto the platform. A number of women with shopping baskets on their arms had gathered on the footbridge over the tracks to watch. "Look at 'em staring!" cried Margaret contemptuously. "Nosy, aren't they?" An old porter was ambling among the children, chaffing them in a slow, West Country voice. "How many orchards you been in, eh?" he was saying. "How many cider apples you eaten, eh? And now you'll forget us all back in Lunnon, I suppose?"

The train came in. It was long and shabby, and sections of it were already crowded with children who had been picked up further down the West Country. The children on the platform raised a cheer, and the children on the train piped up in reply. Following the directions of a man with a megaphone, we got ourselves settled in our carriage. In my compartment, which had two long plush seats facing each other, big enough for four people a side, there were the Day twins, Eddie and Gerald, Leonard, myself, and an old lady evacuee who for some reason was being taken back to London on the chil-

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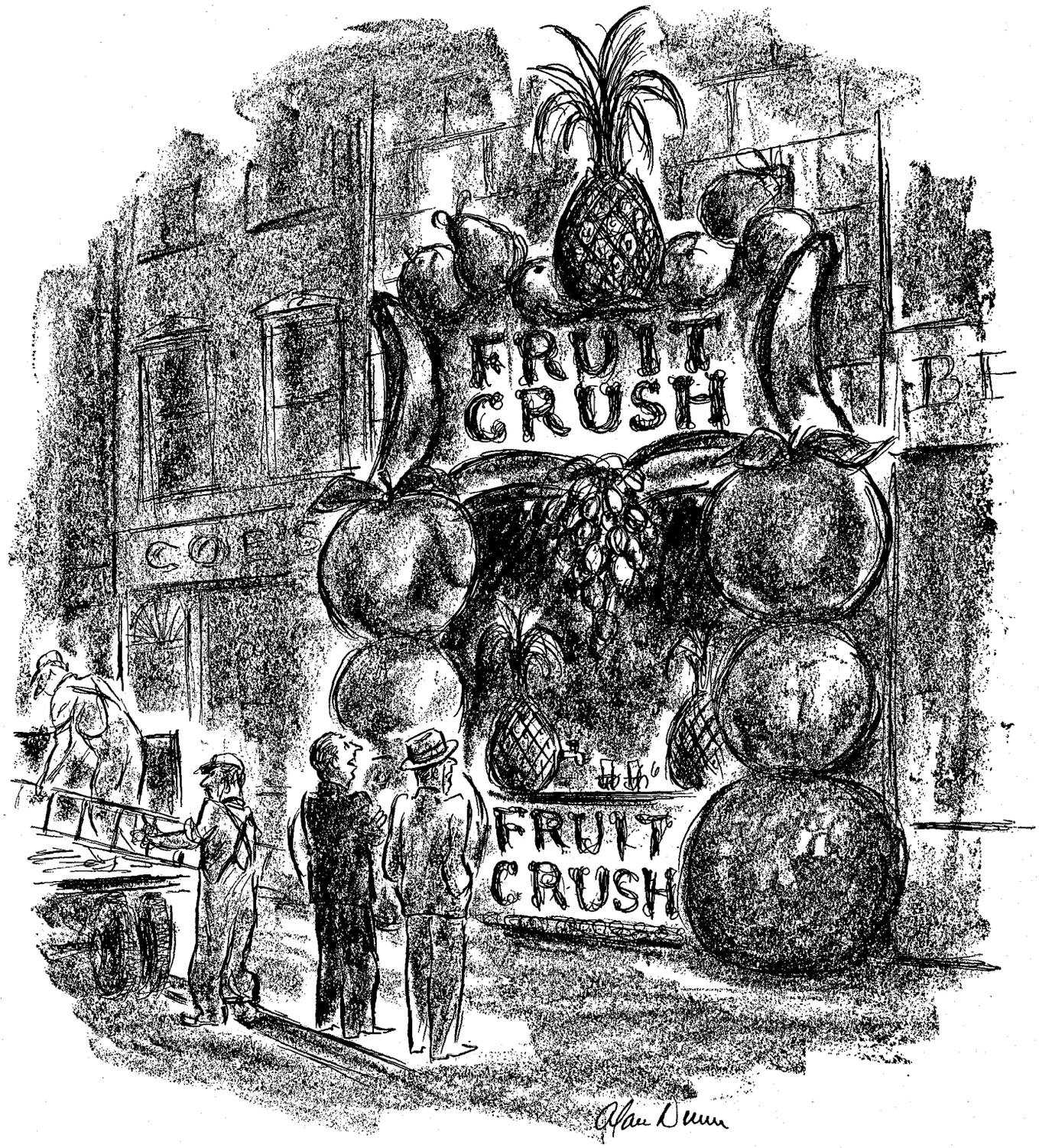

"Now for the acid test—does it sell more Fruit Crush?"

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dren's train. She was a Mrs. Brown, from Barking, aged eighty-seven, and she had been staying with a married daughter in Somerset since the flying bombs drove her out of Barking, in 1944. "I didn't mind the other sorts," she said, "but with them things comin' over, and the sireen goin' every blessed minute"—she leaned forward, working her almost toothless jaws agitatedly—"well, it was no better than a livin' death, that's what it was, dear."

The train remained in the station for a while, taking on the luggage. The children had immediately prized open the small sliding windows and were hanging their heads out to watch. The Days, being tall, could see out easily; so could Eddie, who had stowed away his bird's eggs and a curiously bulging sack on the rack. "Potatoes at the bottom, boots on top," he explained, patting the bulges. When the train finally pulled out, there was a thin chorus of cheering. Everybody on the platform stood waving and smiling—the old porter and his mates, the local officials, the billeting officers. The last thing the children saw of Bridgwater was a blur of friendly, smiling faces,

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calling "Goodbye, goodbye! Good luck! Come back some time!"

As the train gathered speed, the children drew back from the windows. They seemed to be experiencing a slight letdown. But John quickly produced a paper bag full of pieces of cake and passed it around. Mrs. Brown accepted a piece, opened her worn leather handbag, and placed the cake carefully inside, closing the clasp with the air of one providently stowing away victuals for a dangerous voyage. This was only the first installment of an almost constant flow of food and drink during the four hours of our journey to Paddington. All the children had come provided with thick country sandwiches of bread and cheese or jam, packed by their foster parents that morning, and sticky paper bags of sweets were circulated frequently. The Days had packages of dates and chocolate. Finally, official refreshments were to be served by the escorts, just in case anyone got hungry. Before long, the children, their interest in food temporarily slack, were at the windows again.

We had not gone many miles before a competent lady in a plaid tweed coat, who turned out to be the chief train marshal, dashed down the corridor, shouting in at our compartment, "Keep your heads in from those windows, *can't* you?" The children drew their heads in until she had disappeared, then glanced at me, grinned, and put them right back out again. They kept them there most of the way to London. After a while, Leonard sat down beside me, his hands on his scratched brown knees, his face wearing its sharp, innocent fox-terrier expression. When I asked him what he wanted to do most after he got home, he said, "See all my sisters." He pointed to Eddie and Gerald and said, "See them boys? They've got twelve brothers and sisters in *their* family. There's five of 'em Eddie and Gerald 'aven't even seen. There's some new ones in mine, too, I expect." He looked worldly and bored. Then he leaped up and announced that he was going to the lavatory. He came back inside a minute, saying, "Someone in there 'as put up a little notice on the door sayin' 'Engaged.' They'll be married soon, I suppose." While he waited, he amused himself by standing in the corridor, making faces at some prim little girls in the next compartment.

Before we had reached Bristol, all the bigger boys were black and John had a cinder in his eye. I extracted it with a corner of a handkerchief. Margaret said, "You'll be sweeps by the time you get 'ome, all of you," and virtuously ran a pocket comb through her hair. The children surveyed the passing fields with the expert eyes of the country dweller. When they yelled, "Look at them poppies in the wheat!," or, "Coo, what a big field of barley!," it was wheat or barley, all right.

"It's pretty," said Margaret, sighing.

Eddie, whose voice ranged between a bass bark and a tenor squeak, said that he and Gerald had been on a farm and they had liked it fine.

"I done farm work," said Leonard. I done three days' potatoing, and they give me ten and sixpence for it. The lady I live with give me a pound. I got one pound, thirteen shillings, and ninepence."

"Well, I got over two pounds, so there," said Margaret. "Mr. Rogers give me two pounds." Her face darkened and she looked out at the fields, blinking swiftly.

An escort down the corridor from us, a pretty, dark girl in a tweed suit, looked in to ask me to lend a hand with the refreshments, which were now being given out. I followed her up the train until we got to the guard's van, where half a dozen W. V. S. workers in green overalls were standing behind tea urns, churns of milk, and cartons full of individually wrapped buns and sandwiches. Carrying a large jug of milk and a box of buns, I started to work my way back. Small boys, self-elected assistants, raced ahead of me, giving out paper cups. All the children in my carriage said yes to the milk except one individualist who said, "Naow, I 'ate it," and remained firm about it, even though older, motherly little girls urged him, "Go on, Bertie, do! It's lovely, like ice cream—honest!"

By the time I sat down again, Margaret had produced from somewhere a grubby, obviously much-loved "Guide to Somerset." She turned the pages

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slowly. Leonard looked over her shoulder, his head on one side. "The Quantocks," he read. "I been there! That's where the farm was where I did potatoing! They give us strawberries *and* cherries there!"

"Did you go to the Cheddar Gorge?" asked Margaret. "Oh, it was lovely. They've got stalactites and stalagmites. One bit looks just like a little village where it's reflected in the water."

"Nether Stowey," Leonard read. "I know it! I been there!"

"Nether Stowey was the 'ome of the poet Coleridge," said Margaret in a guidebook voice.

"I seen 'im!" said Leonard. "Coleridge, a chap with long 'air. I seen 'im walkin' down the street there."

"Don't be barmy," said Margaret. "Coleridge is dead, silly."

"Well, I *seen* 'im," Leonard insisted, "or, anyway, 'e was a poet, cos 'is 'air was 'anging round 'is shoulders. *That's* where Aunt Ettie comes from," he said, banging a finger down on a photograph of a whitewashed and thatched village. "Aunt Ettie is the lady I live with," he said, blinking his sandy lashes.

"You'll be able to show your mum where you been, dear," said Mrs. Brown to Margaret.

"Yes," Margaret said in a flat voice, and shut the book. She jumped to her feet, hit her twin a crack on the back, and cried, "Lemme look out of the window now, can't you?"

The children began to sing, in ragged, wavering bursts. They sang "Bless 'Em All, Bless 'Em All" and "Roll Out the Barrel." Their favorite was "I'm Up From Zummerzet, Where the Cider Apples Grow." When we stopped at a station, they yelled out of the window to men working on the tracks, "Hi, Mister, what's this place? Is it London yet? What's the time, Mister?" Whenever signalmen or linesmen caught sight of the train filled with singing, waving children, their expressions would change and they would smile and wave and make the V sign. Porters waved, and stout countrywomen waiting at crossings flourished their baskets; the green English countryside was giving the children a sendoff in the best René Clair manner.

As we got near London, the tension grew. I suggested that everybody try to tidy up. John's face and hands were smudged, his hair was bristling wildly, and his tie was under one ear. In four hours a mysterious thing had happened: starting out a country boy, he now looked like a London kid again. The approaches to Paddington are hideously funereal, and the children seemed overawed. "Coo, isn't it dark!" said Leonard. Pointing to a modest-sized building, he said, "Coo, look at that whoppin' great 'ouse!" To an eye that for five years had been accustomed to measure by Somerset standards, it was mammoth.

When the long train slid into the station, one of the train marshals came along the corridor, warning us not to get out until we were told. This would have been impossible anyway, because we had been locked into the carriages. Presently a porter came running along and unlocked us. The children tumbled out, chattering, squeaking, stretching themselves like puppies let out of a hamper. John took charge of the basket Mrs. Brown was carrying and Eddie helped her off the train. After a few minutes' wait, we got the order from the train marshals to move off, and the cavalcade trooped along the platform. The heavy luggage had been taken care of at Bridgwater, but every child carried something—brown-paper parcels, string bags from which bottles of preserved fruit or jars of jam bulged, bundles of sweet peas and roses, such little treasures as kites and butterfly nets. Mrs. Brown toddled along, spry and beaming, beside John. We streamed up a ramp, halting two or three times as the pathway grew congested. The organization seemed first-rate. One by one, a fleet of red London Passenger Transport double-decker motorbuses drew up alongside the curb outside the station, loaded up with children, and moved off. We lost Mrs. Brown there. She was put on another bus.

The Days, Eddie and Gerald, Leonard, and I clambered to the top deck of our bus, which moved off as soon as we had sat down. Another escort, a young woman in a red mackintosh, told me that we were heading for the first dispersal point, a London County Council school in Bow. There the children would be fed, sorted according to their labels, then sent off by bus again to their district dispersal points, which were their local schools, where their families would take over.

In twenty minutes we got to the first school. The children had been fairly quiet on the trip. They looked as though they found the noise, the crowds pushing along the pavements, the traffic hard to take. Margaret started to read out the name over every shop front aloud, apparently preparing to get familiar with this new town as if it were no larger than cozy North Petherton. Presently the never-ending string of shops seemed to oppress her and she stopped. A lady in a fashionable hat, waiting at a bus stop, saw us approaching and stepped forward, raising a languid finger. She was astonished when the bus swept past. "Don't she look funny?" said Leonard, equally astonished. At last we drew up behind another bus outside the school, and the children and I scrambled out. A man who was plainly the headmaster was waiting to welcome them, along with half a dozen women teachers. John and Margaret and the rest clattered into the school and upstairs to a big classroom, where they sat down at long trestle tables laid with a cold supper. This seemed to me fine organization, too. Just at the proper moment, when their spirits might have been sinking, the children's stomachs were being stoked up comfortably with food and drink. One of the teachers suggested that I sit down and eat too. We had a bit of corned beef and a sausage roll, vegetable salad, bread and butter, fruit jelly, and custard. The children had orange drinks. John caught my eye and winked. He was merry and excited. I don't believe that he was thinking of North Petherton at all. Margaret was saying resignedly, "I suppose Mum will want us to get all cleaned up and go round payin' visits to everybody in our street." Eddie addressed an imaginary hostess in a mincing imitation of an English upper-class voice, "Aw, h'are yew, Mrs. Jones? Quaite browned off, I see, Mrs. Jones. Tut, tut!" The other children giggled.

Presently the West Ham party was collected in a small classroom decorated with brightly colored pictures of "Four and Twenty Blackbirds," "Bopeep," and so on, and we waited for the roll to be called again. The children sat patiently, clasping their bundles with the now familiar, pathetic resignation of the experienced refugee in the process of being shipped somewhere else. A young woman teacher entered and started the proceedings by crying briskly, "Now, who wants to go to the lavatory?" After that, the children came up to her one by one and she entered their names and addresses of their

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labels on index cards. It seemed improbable that any of the returning evacuees would get lost in transit.

The Days and I trooped out again and boarded our last bus, which was going to take us to the school in Plaistow, a district adjacent to West Ham. We sat on top once more, and the bus rolled along slowly but swaying a great deal. The children were now very subdued. Plaistow is right down by the docks, in a section that was as badly bombed as any. The ruins stretched mile after mile, only slightly more grim than the dingy little houses that were standing; ragwort and loosestrife had sprung up, yellow and pink, among the chaotic eruption inside the shell of an old church. I had forgotten that most of the children had never seen a bombed area. They were completely silent for a while, and then they began to gasp: "Look at that! Coo, look at that!" "Oh, oh! O-oh, look what they done to the church! Isn't that a shame?" "Coo, used there to be 'ouses there?" "Course there was 'ouses there!" "Then what 'appened to the people livin' in them?" "They was all dead, with their 'eads blown off, I suppose. Oh, oh! *Looook!*" As they talked, they kept darting from one side of the bus to the other. By the time we reached the docks, the novelty had worn off and they sat quietly but still staring as though they could not believe their eyes.

Presently a yip from Eddie told me that we were getting near the end of our journey. "Look!" he shouted. "There's the old Majestic!" It was a cinema. The children, squealing, read out loud the billings of the week's program, and next week's, too, as though they were intensely thrilling. Everybody began to jump up and down and watch for other landmarks.

"There's the West Ham Park!" cried Margaret, as we passed some trees and flower beds.

"We used to go and watch the trains there!" hollered John, pointing to a railway bridge. "Remember, Maggie?"

The bus rumbled on, and suddenly, in a voice breaking with excitement, his eyes starting out of his head, Eddie bawled, "There's your mum, John! Look! There's your mum wavin'!" On the pavement by the entrance of a school building stood a very tall woman, a little round gray felt hat pulled down on her head, and a pretty, young girl in a red jacket, both waving desperately. Our bus pulled up alongside them. "That's my mother! That's my sister!" gasped Margaret, floundering to the side of the bus. "'Alloa, Mum!" The tall woman looked exactly like John. She smiled up at Margaret and called out, in a rush, a question that sounded as though it had been in her mind for days: "Are you glad to be back?" The twins called down sturdily, "Yes!" Their mother's face relaxed and became altogether happy. The Days ran down the stairs and fell into the arms of their mother and their elder sister, who hugged John, tweaked his tie straight, and ruffled his hair in one comprehensive gesture.

THERE seemed no point in looking after the Days any longer, so I went into the school, whose main classroom was quickly jammed with excited, reunited families and parents anxiously searching for children to be reunited with. One of the masters was smilingly calling for silence. I saw Mrs. Day come in with the twins and heard her say proudly to the master as they pushed their way through the crowd, "Look at the tall new daughter I've got, Mr. Marshall!" Parents and children were all asking questions and not waiting for the answers, laughing, and apparently trying to cover years in a few minutes. Eddie and Gerald were next to me, manfully puffing cigarettes offered them by their mother, a rather good-looking red-haired woman. I spotted Leonard after a moment. He was standing beside his mother and a girl, who was obviously one of the grownup sisters he had been wanting to see. The sister was carrying a large, pale baby, probably one of the new brothers or sisters for whom Leonard had been prepared. He still wore his self-contained cockney air of being ready for anything and he was staring piercingly and critically at the baby. The schoolmaster had finally succeeded in getting a moment's silence. He climbed up on a table and said that he would read the names of the children and that the parents must then come up and sign what I gathered was a sort of receipt for them. One of the first names he yelled was Day. Mrs. Day called out, "Here!," and made her way, smiling radiantly, to the table.

The escort girl in the red mackintosh appeared at my elbow. She said, "If you want to see an evacuation problem, look over in that corner. The little boy didn't want to come home, and his foster parents didn't want to let him go, but his real parents insisted. Before they got him safely on the train, he got away once, and he had to travel with the train marshal in case he tried to give them the slip again. His parents seem nice people, don't they? It must be awful for them." The little boy, who was about ten, was standing against the wall, clasping a small suitcase. He had an expression of absolute despair and was staring sullenly at the ground. His father, a soldier, was glancing round embarrassedly, as though he wished he were somewhere else. The mother bent over the boy, evidently asking him some questions. She was a young, pretty woman, but at the moment she was obviously cross and wretched. Frowning helplessly, she asked the boy something, and I saw his lips form the word "No." He did not look at her. She straightened up, glancing angrily at the other family parties round her. The child set his small suitcase on the floor and sat down on it, trying to make himself very insignificant in his corner. Suddenly he turned his face to the wall and laid his forehead against it in a quiet, curiously adult movement of grief.

I was not sorry to hear Mrs. Day's voice beside me. "John and Margaret say you're the lady who travelled up with them and that you saw Mr. Rogers in North Petherton," she said, shaking hands warmly. "Oh, they've had a beautiful home there! Mr. Rogers is a good man, he is. I'll get them to sit down and write to him tonight. I've missed them terrible—I'm a widow, you know, and it's been just me and the girl alone all through the blitz and the flying bombs and then these rockets—but I wouldn't think of them comin' back, even when it seemed quiet. I left them until the last, because I knew what it was goin' to mean to Mr. Rogers to lose them, and their letters were so lovely. I almost didn't like to fetch them back *now*."

Mrs. Day said that her home was just behind the school and asked me to come and see it. The twins were still gabbling away with their elder sister and being hailed by old friends. Mrs. Day and I walked out of a side door into a street of shabby little houses. I guessed the house immediately, for it had flags over its doorway and, among the flags, the inscription, elaborately worked

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out in red-white-and-blue wire, "WELCOME HOME, JOHN AND MARG." "The girl did it," said Mrs. Day, smiling proudly, "but she ran out of wire, so she could only put 'Marg' instead of 'Margaret.'"

The inside of the house was shabby, too, as though the bombs had shaken it about. The paper was hanging off the walls in places and Mrs. Day said apologetically that the place needed a lot of fixing. In the back kitchen the tea kettle was on the hob, and at the center of the table was a large fruitcake, covered with a plate to keep off the flies. "I saved up some rations and made it for their treat," said Mrs. Day. "Stay and try a piece with us, do." But I said I had to go. Before I left, Mrs. Day showed me photographs of her two older sons, who were in the Army, one in Africa, the other in Germany. She also had snapshots of a spectacled little girl and a grinning little boy, whom I tried to recognize as John and Margaret. "That's what they looked like when they went to North Petherton," said Mrs. Day. "Sort of difficult to believe now, isn't it?"

As Mrs. Day and I stood in the doorway, the twins came flying down the street, arms linked with their sister's. They said, "Cheerio," grinning shyly, and we all shook hands. They were dishevelled but appeared to be immensely happy.

After I had walked a short distance down the street, I glanced back at the house. The flags and the sign welcoming the children home made a fine spot of color in the drab row of houses. Mr. Rogers' doll's butcher shop in the quiet North Petherton street was a long way off. It must have seemed very quiet there now.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Q. When walking down the street with one or two men, who walks where?

A. The man always walks on the side nearest the street. That goes back to the days when men's swords interfered with a lady's stride. You walk in the middle if you're lucky enough to have two swains.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Where did they wear those swords?

•

RIP VAN WINKLE DEPARTMENT

[*From the World ("Call Me Flash") Telegram, July 18, 1945*]

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Election commissioners report that in the event of a close election Nov. 7 it is possible that voters will not know who is President until Rhode Island counts its soldier's ballots on Dec. 4.

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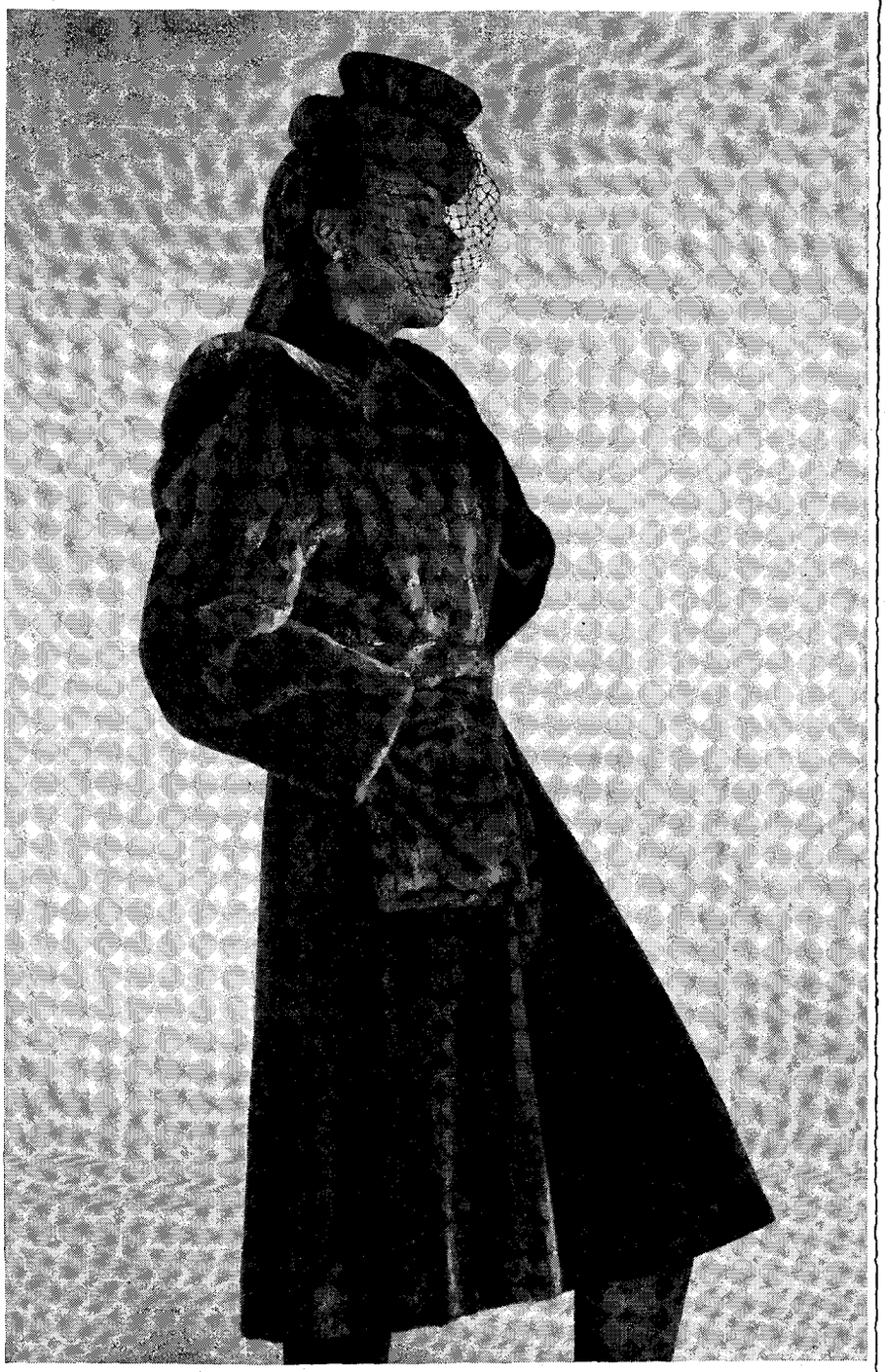

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NEW YORK

OF ALL THINGS

EVERYBODY agrees that the operation that was performed on Germany at Potsdam was an extremely drastic one. It is believed, however, that with a careful diet and a quiet country life, the patient will manage to pull through.

•

The Japanese home islands are now almost completely blockaded. This unfortunate situation has so touched our aviators that they are trying to help out by dropping millions of leaflets containing food for thought.

•

It is not easy to determine what effect Laval's testimony at the Pétain trial will have upon the verdict. Still, whatever happens, Laval has had a good rehearsal for the play in which he is to star this fall.

•

The Japanese have made a rather despondent reply to our charge that they are keeping their prisoners of war in unsafe places. It seems that unsafe places are very nearly the only kind Tokio has left.

•

There have been widespread complaints that Congress has taken no action to prepare industry for a quick return to peacetime production. Some extremists say that one way to begin is by getting our legislators to make a quick return to Washington.

•

Newbold Morris will run for mayor on the No Deal ticket with the blessing of Mayor LaGuardia. This organization looks like a worthy charity, one that should provide a refuge for innumerable homeless New York Republicans.

•

The new jet-propelled Shooting Star made its maiden trip at a speed of five hundred and twenty-six miles an hour. As the Japanese may soon be finding out for themselves, this plane can travel even faster than bad news.

•

It becomes more and more obvious that the recent election made a complete change in the British way of life. Many of the new rulers have no country estates, no school ties, and no connection with the Duke of Marlborough whatever. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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NOTES ON LIBERATED MILAN

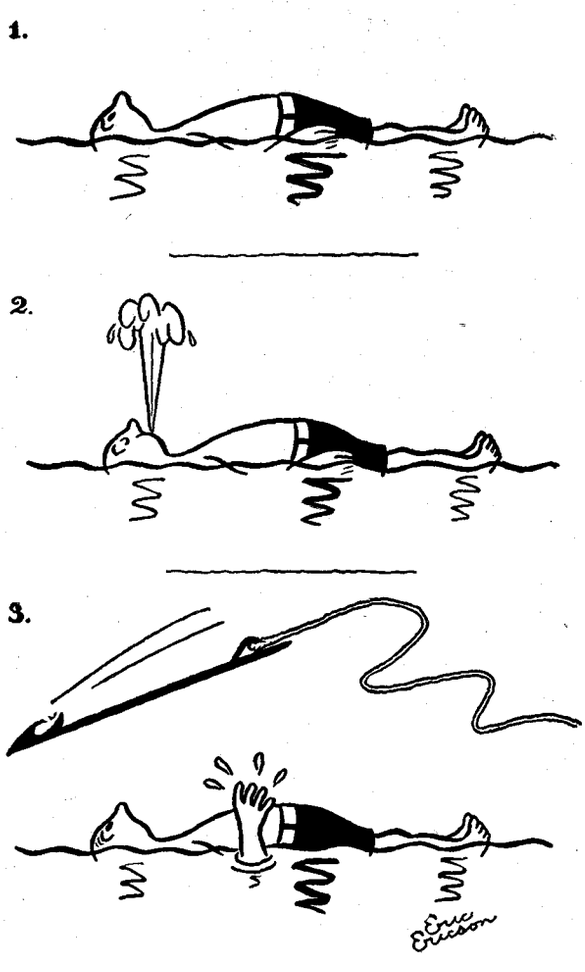
JULY 29 (BY WIRELESS)

WHEN I first saw Milan, at the beginning of May, it looked like a slice of hell. Some of the shabby green trams were running and some of the inhabitants were going about their routines, but the whole place seemed stunned and stopped, and the bloodless, undernourished people, dressed in any old cloth that could protect their skins, seemed to have been fixed, by the long months of the German oppression, the Allied bombings, and the fierce civil war, in a condition of permanent strain. The children, especially, were appalling: they had acquired, as they were growing up, expressions of indignation and apprehension which were now as much a part of their faces as malnutrition was of their bones. The half-grown boys in their teens, exhilarated by getting a chance to let themselves go against somebody, were cruising around in cars with machine guns, looking for Fascist collaborators to shoot. A hotel in which the Germans had tried desperately to fortify themselves was still surrounded by barricades and barbed wire. And Americans who invaded the S.S. headquarters found the Germans' police dogs and pornographic pictures, and over the whole city hung the stink of the killing of Mussolini and his followers, the exhibition of their bodies in public, and the defilement of them by the crowd. Italians would stop you in the bars and show you photographs they had taken of it.

The Albergo Diana of those days, taken over for the American Army, had the grisliness of all reminders of the old holiday tourist Europe as one finds them still clinging to the carcass left by the recent convulsions and blastings. The cool, white-tiled corridors of bedrooms, the views of the Villa d'Este, the coy little plaques in the wall that indicated by a series of pictures (thus avoiding complications of language) which button you were to press for the waiter, which for the valet, and which for the chambermaid—all these comforts and amenities of the traveller seemed sickeningly stale and mendacious, like the few old shopworn volumes of Tauchnitz novels that some of the bookstores had brought out for the Allies. And the desk clerks, lift boys, and waiters, though they were going through all their old motions and speaking an adequate English, as they had just been speaking an adequate German, were somewhat upset by the new arrivals (they would probably not have been surprised to have had to receive the Japanese next) and had little to accommodate them with. The maître d'hôtel, in full dress in the dining room, was presiding over homely dinners of bully beef and Army greens, reinforced by large, hard wafers that rather resembled dog biscuits and were the sole local contribution.

Today, however, two months and a half later, the Diana is completely transfigured. A rest hotel for American soldiers, it must be one of the pleasantest places in Italy. The hotel people have got back into their smooth routine, and it seems quite natural to the guests to be well taken care of. The food and wine are by far the best I have had since I have been in Europe, and you eat, to the accompaniment of music, at wicker tables with blue-and-white-checked cloths, in a charming outdoor dining room full of the leafage of plants and vines and shaded by chestnuts and oaks, in the branches of which is suspended a sort of decorative roofing of Japanese mats. There is an admirably equipped bar and a great atmosphere of parties and dates. The guests are capturing and bringing to dinner some remarkably good-looking girls.

THE women here, in general, are marvellous. They don't have the natural chic which is almost universal in Rome, but they are on a much higher level. They give—like almost everything about Milan, in contrast to almost everything about Rome—an impression of independence and strength. They have broad backs, and there is a splendid type, with blond—often but not always dyed—shoulder-length *chevelure*. I was impressed by one girl on a bicycle who, riding without hands, put her arms up to smooth back her done-up, pale-blond hair; and I passed, at a table on the sidewalk, where she was having a drink with a man, what seemed to me one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen anywhere, another blond, with lively brown eyes and provocative arched eyebrows, who was wearing on her bare feet, instead of the usual wooden clogs, a pair of red-leather, high-heeled shoes that she had somehow succeeded in getting hold of. She made me imagine what would be possible for these women if they really had clothes and cosmetics.



WHEN I was here just after the arrival of the Allies, the walls were covered with bills that said, in English, "Hurrah for the Anglo-Saxon Liberators." But there were also inscriptions of a different kind, painted, it is said, by the Fascists, and they are still left up, though the others have disappeared: "*Museo Distrutto, Casa Incendiata dai Liberatori Anglosassoni. Milanesi, Riflettete!*" And they have invented a play on words: "*Anglosassoni*," "*Assassini*." These reproaches meet you all over the city, wherever buildings have been bombed. And it is true that the Allies attacked Milan as indiscriminately as the Germans ever did London. Most of this damage was done in August, 1943, when we were trying to force Badoglio's hand by a series of bombings that could hardly

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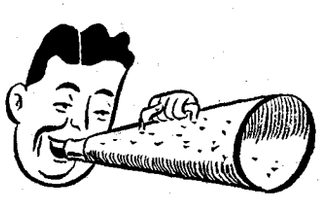

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have hit more cultural monuments if the policy had been to destroy them. La Scala has been gutted, the finest churches are half reduced to rubble, some of the best sculpture on the cathedral has been shattered, and of the refectory containing Leonardo's "Last Supper" there is nothing left but a shell.

THOUGH La Scala is blind and silent, the Scala orchestra and opera company are still performing in other places. I went to a Scala concert in the courtyard of the old Sforzesco castle, with its heraldry of gold-crested blue dragons devouring anguished victims and its immense and once formidable moat, now comfortably planted with cabbage and squash. The orchestra played Bloch, Ravel, and Debussy, and Hindemith's symphony "Mathis der Mahler," and the delicate and subtle pieces were traced with an exquisite faithfulness that made much of the music in New York seem vulgar. The place was jammed, and the Dirge of the Bloch Concerto Grosso was incongruously disturbed by the roarings of people who were besieging the doors. I got into conversation with an exceptionally well-dressed man sitting next to me. He didn't care much for modern music, and Hindemith was way beyond him. He had been very much alarmed, he said, by a report that the Allies were to leave. They mustn't go away, he insisted; he was *un borghese*, and he was sure that if they did, there would be terrible civil war and the Communists would bring in the Russians.

A BOOK in a bookshop is called "Arrigo Beyle, Milanese." Stendhal adored Milan and wanted this inscribed on his tombstone. He must have loved the boxes of La Scala, the long, solidly built-up streets, the pale pinnacles of lace on the Duomo, the peculiar dry blue of the sky—*sempre un poco stanco*, as a poem in a Roman paper said the other day—the mountains beyond the town, as I saw them the first time that I came here: a purified, dimmed slate blue, designed in sharp lines but presented in a softened perspective, with the silvery snow on their ridges; or, as I have seen them on this second trip, scarcely by a shade darker than the blue of the sky behind them, so that the mottlings of snow seem a pattern on a background of taut silk. I forget about Stendhal's adventures in Milan. He came here first with Napoleon's army, and he would have fallen in love with some countess. He would have done his incessant, inexhaustible, illegible, cipher-screened writing that made up his secret and personal life, and he would have been sustained from without by the energy, the sound relations, the upright spine of the city. It does not seem out of keeping here to find a statue of Leonardo or a street named after Dante, whereas in Rome the monument to Giordano Bruno appears to have fallen into ignominy in the squalid and swarming market of the square in which he was burned.

I SAW another of those horrifying children: a very tall and ill-fed boy in absurd short pants—probably because he had no others—with drawn face, frowning brows, glazed-blue eyes. They look as if they had been frozen by the Gorgon.

UNDER the patched glass of the big Galleria, where the Milanese go in the afternoon for ices, vermouth, and cakes, I sat down, at one of the outside cafés, with a young American officer, a tall fellow in a forest-green uniform, who had been hammered into hardness and seriousness by his experiences of the war. He seemed to have been principally engaged in laying mines against the Germans and in detecting and digging up the enemy's mines. I already had some sort of idea of what this exceedingly dangerous work was like, as I had been down along the coast in Littoria, which is still planted with thousands of mines, ours and the Germans' both, so that large areas of that important region are still impossible for cultivation. The little pins that explode the mines are so sensitive that the wind bowing the grass is sometimes enough to set them off, and the mine diggers and the malaria-control workers, as well as the fishermen and the country people, are constantly getting blown up.

This lieutenant explained to me at length the mechanism and technique of mines, drawing me little diagrams and showing a very keen interest in his subject. There was the German kind that had two charges, the first of which blew it out of the ground and the second of which caused it to burst in the air and

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scatter enormous pieces of shot like ball bearings. Later, the Germans had improved on this with thick, jagged pieces of wire that gave a "terrible slash." The Americans had taken over this idea and turned out a model that was even worse. Hunting mines was a very delicate business. There was one kind that had a hole in the pin that you could pass a wire through to prevent it from going off, but if they didn't have that, you just had to take a chance. You dragged them out of the ground with long ropes and exploded them at a distance with T.N.T. If there were fragments of shell around, the mine detectors weren't much good, because they responded to the presence of any kind of metal. For the "Bakelite jobs" that the Germans used later, the detector was no good at all. Then there were quantities of dummy mines that the Germans had put in to fool us and that had to be removed with just as much care as if they had been real ones. In the case of the leaping mines, you could see what was coming and throw yourself on your face, and one man who had done this had survived and got the Purple Heart. Another had thrown himself against the mine to protect the men who were with him, and they had named one of the new bridges after him. The lieutenant said that he had once been blown yards away from where he was standing, and that once, after one of these incidents, when he had gone over and started to talk to his men, he had suddenly fainted away. With booby traps, you had no guide: you just had to suspect everything. Once a Britisher and an American had gone into a suspected house to search it room by room. The American had sat down on a bed and the whole house had blown up and left him among the ruins holding a piece of the bed; the Englishman, who had been downstairs, had suffocated under the heap before they could get him out.

But in spite of the shortcomings of the Germans, you did have to hand it to them: all these mines and things were wonderful work. The lieutenant had acquired a clockwork time bomb of the kind that had destroyed the Naples post office a week after the Germans had left. He talked about it as if it were a rare book or print—said that there were only seven or eight extant. It was made beautifully—all of aluminum. He had set it without the explosive, and it had gone off within two minutes of the time. I realized, in talking to him, how the younger generations of Americans are being affected by the war. During the last war, in which we were less

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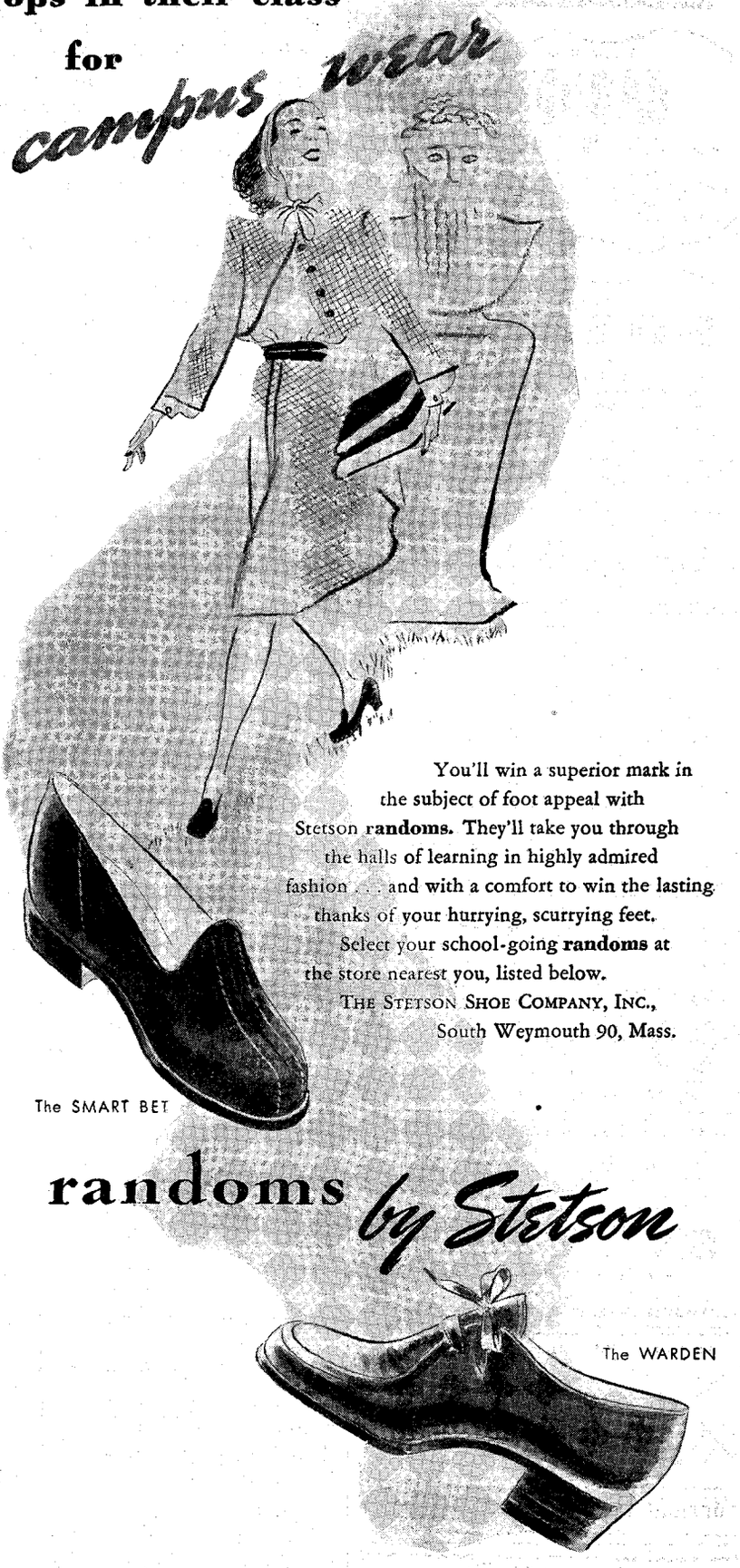

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deeply involved, there was a humanitarian reaction against the practice of war itself, but in this one the German methods have ended by making everybody more callous and by interesting the practical Americans in the technical side of war-making, as if mechanized, large-scale homicide were a desirable aim in itself.

The lieutenant did not think much of the Italians, who, he said, had laid down on the war just when the critical moment had come. He told me that, a few nights before, he had walked out of a bar with an Italian girl and run into a gang of young men who wanted to grab her and shave her head—a penalty which has been sometimes inflicted for going out with Allied soldiers—but he had called some other Americans out of the bar, and they had completely cleaned up on the Italians. He said that it was the best fight he had had since he had been in Italy.

THE following day, in the Galleria, an Italian at the next table spoke to me in very good English. He was neat, precise, gray, and well dressed—evidently some sort of businessman. He felt very strongly that the Allies ought to stay and keep order in Italy. The working classes were threatening trouble—not because they were naturally bad but because they were misled by their leaders.

A TRANSLATION of Karl Marx's "Das Kapital" has appeared in almost all the bookstores. It is queer to see it displayed in the windows between a new translation of Catullus and a new edition of Rimbaud—and along with Gide's "L'Immoraliste" and Barbey d'Aurevilly on dandyism. The Italians seem to have been cut off during their twenty years of Fascism from the main cultural currents of the world, and, though they are translating contemporary books, their reading is still rather out of date. It is as if they had discovered Marx at the same moment as Rimbaud, and just as in literature they regard the *fin de siècle* as very advanced and daring, so in politics they are still in the period when Communism was seriously Marxist: they don't know that in the Soviet Union Marx and Lenin have gone by the board and that the Russians, for better or worse, are unlikely to encourage or support a really subversive working-class movement.

The class lineup that you find in conversation with the people appears even among these bookstores. A sign in one of the shops in the Galleria says, "*Libri socialistici non si vendono qui.*"

I WENT to one of the American officials in the Allied Military Government. He was a big, agreeable, well-meaning man. I arrived at a moment of crisis. "Here's the story," he said. "There was a jailbreak in the prison last Tuesday and thirty-six men escaped—all Partisans but none of them political prisoners; they were all in for regular crimes that ranged from robbery to rape. The guards were Partisans, too, and now I'll have to change them for Carabinieri, which I've been wanting to do all along. But now, according to the reports we get, there's going to be a demonstration—it's supposed to start at four o'clock right outside in the square, and then march to the prison and protest." Who were doing the demonstrating, I asked. Why, a lot of Italian war prisoners who had just come back from Germany. But what was the point of the protest? "Why, they'll probably be demanding more food. They want to show people they are starved—they certainly do look it," he added. But what was the connection between that and the jailbreak? I did my best to pin him down but got no satisfactory answer, and I felt that he really did not know. "They are always having demonstrations," he said.

At this moment—like a scene in a play—a large British security man entered, with a small, red-faced, and bewildered American major in his wake. "There'll be no demonstration," said this representative of Allied police power, a quiet-spoken fellow of enormous girth and menacing, strong-arm aplomb. "We've been over to their headquarters—they're just across the square. I told 'em that if they marched to the jail, we'd have a reception committee there, and we'd extend to 'em the hospitality of A.M.G.—we had cells there empty and ready for 'em, where we'd be glad to put 'em up. When we came in, they were loungin' all about, and I told

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'em to stand up and show some courtesy. And there's not goin' to be a demonstration. They were buzzin' about after I talked to 'em like a lot of blue flies. It was just like when we talked to Togliatti [the leader of the Communist Party and Minister of Justice in the new Parri government]. He thought he was goin' to make a speech, and then he decided not to make one."

The security man went off to the prison—just to make sure, as he said—and the major remained behind. The high official showed me a handful of literature which announced a giant demonstration—presented as a public festivity—in celebration of Bastille Day. The invitation to the high official had on it a curious symbol that I had already seen on all the posters advertising this celebration with which the city was plastered; and it dawned on me now that this thing that looked a little like the head of a bird was the Phrygian liberty cap, the symbol of the French Revolution, drawn, however, in such a way that it was not necessarily recognizable and might perhaps be explained away as an arbitrary decorative design. The officers, too, had been puzzling over it and seemed to regard it with some suspicion, and when I suggested my explanation, the major, perturbed and dazed, cried, "Does *that* mean the French Revolution?" The major presently left us. "In my opinion," said the A.M.G. official, "the sooner we get out of Italy, the better for all concerned. When a baby is learning to walk, you have to let it fall down—you have to let it make its mistakes by itself."

I MADE a point of taking part in the big turnout in celebration of the Fourteenth of July. While I was sitting on a curb in the park waiting for things to start, a man, recognizing me for an American by my correspondent's uniform, came and sat down beside me and immediately began to talk to me volubly in some patois that was hard to understand. I made out that he wanted me to know that he had always been against the Fascists. He showed me his Communist card and told me how he and his father, who was blind, had suffered at the hands of the regime and how the workers had had their own methods of dealing with the Fascists in the factory. An American journalist told me later that this had several times happened to him: people like this think that showing their C.P. cards to Americans will give proof of their sincere anti-Fascism and recom-

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mend them to the anti-Fascist liberators.

Suddenly people, with many children, began to swarm across the grass from behind me, and I had to get up, as I was in their way, and move with the crowd, too. As it rapidly became thicker and thicker in the vicinity of the triumphal arch, where there was a platform for music and speeches, I managed to move back rapidly, and I finally made my way through the park and eventually back to the hotel through the streets at the center of the city. All the way I had to squeeze through the solid mobs pushing in the other direction. It was prodigious: I had never seen a city where the streets seemed so filled with people. There were said to have been a million of the million and a half that populate Milan and its environs. But they were simply walking around—they were not particularly celebrating anything. There were a prize ring and a little circus, some pop stands and some ice-cream carts, and two small blimps moored above the park with the inscription "*Fraternità.*" There was a band, and the crowd here and there would clear a circle around three or four dancing couples. The voice from the loudspeaker sounded rasping, metallic, and grim. "*Attenzione! Attenzione!*," it would command again and again. "*Ballate!*," it would exhort the people in a tone that recalled that of the loudspeaker that in the Olsen and Johnson "Hellzapoppin" used to announce to the darkened audience that the spiders were about to descend. "*Questa è la notte della libertà. Gli uomini liberi sono allegri!*" But there was little spontaneity or gaiety, and in that threatening and didactic tone I recognized the impersonal voice—the same everywhere—of the Communist Party, as I had already recognized, in the methods with which the demonstration had been publicized and engineered, the hand of its efficient direction.

A young public-relations man, newly arrived in Milan, who took me around in a jeep, kindly explained that the occasion (the first Bastille Day ever celebrated in Italy) was an attempt to make up to France for the so-called "stab in the back" of Mussolini's attack upon her. "What are those things they are wearing?" he asked. It was the Phrygian liberty cap, which a large number of the strolling men and women had pinned to their lapels and blouses.

SICK of contemplating mines and bombings and reading about Italian politics, oppressed by the feeling you have in Europe of being submerged in wreckage and mess, I bought a new book on Stravinsky by Malipiero in a series on contemporary composers. But what I found in it was disappointing. Malipiero admits a certain admiration for the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre du Printemps," but he does nothing but grumble and scoff at the music that his subject has written since. The whole tone is old-fogeyish and grumbling, as if Malipiero were peevish with Stravinsky for outstripping him in reputation and engaging in musical adventures which he (Malipiero) cannot understand (the twelve-tone scale of Arnold Schonberg, he says flatly, "is not music"). You feel the cultural backwater of Fascism rippled and rather inconvenienced by the presence of live spirits outside. Malipiero cannot forgive Stravinsky for talking about music as his "métier" and describing himself as a craftsman. Why on earth, complains the Italian, with the warm lights of the opera house behind him and the sound of its applause in his ears, does Stravinsky not call himself "a musician"? The atmosphere of the book is as stale as that of an old opera house, and it is characteristic of the Italy that we now find at the end of Mussolini's regime.

But there are elements of vitality in Milan that you are not aware of in Rome. The young people who have worked in the underground and who have helped to drive the Germans out are perhaps the only group in Italy who are serious, energetic, and enthusiastic. These people may have as little idea of what the Soviet Union was up to while Mussolini was keeping them blacked out or what England and America are up to as Malipiero has comprehension of the aims of the later Stravinsky; but there are elements among them who count on the Russians and elements who count on the Americans, and since my second visit to Milan the elections in England have given them cause to count on British labor. But, since the Germans have been expelled, the main American contribution to following up the "liberation" of Italy has consisted of

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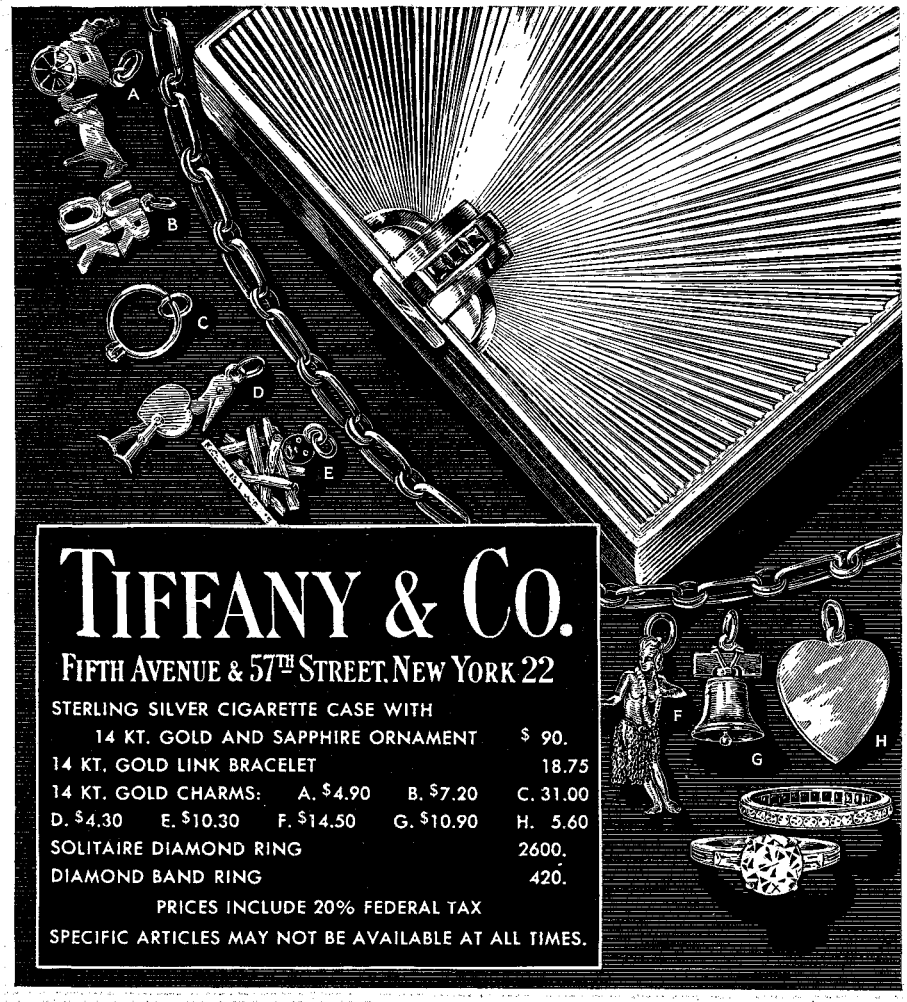
a few U.N.R.R.A. supplies and naming one of our telephone exchanges Freedom; and, after our arming and encouragement of the Partisans through the period when they were serving our purpose, we are now taking their weapons away, forbidding them to make political speeches, and throwing them in jail if they give any trouble. Now, it is true that, since the departure of the Germans, the Partisans in the North have been guilty of some ruthless and probably unjustified bloodshed: they are supposed to have killed some twenty thousand people. But the new Italian revolution is something more than a savage vendetta, and it is hardly, I believe, a movement whose impetus can be curbed at this point. The Partisans, according to the A.M.G., have not been completely disarmed; they have hidden a great deal of equipment, and we have no means of knowing how much they have got, since they have the arms that they took from the enemy as well as the ones we gave them. And they have developed their own methods for maintaining the strength of their political movement.

How the Partisans are doing this I soon came to see. I had continued to be puzzled by the problem of the Italian ex-prisoners from Germany who were to protest against the local jailbreak, and I had asked a number of people about it. Nobody seemed to be able to explain, and I began to get a distinct impression that there was something there that the Americans hadn't grasped and that the Italians didn't want to reveal. At last I found an American correspondent who had been a long time in Italy and who was exceptionally well informed. He had been pondering on similar problems. There had been, he said, in the last month or so, a whole series of demonstrations that did not seem to have much relevance to their pretexts: festivities, protests, strikes. Even the undertakers had once been called out. He had finally reached the conclusion that the Left parties of the governing "federation" were systematically organizing the people, who had lost the habit of mass action under Fascism, and exercising them in a series of turnouts which would prepare them for an eventual crisis. These demonstrations were always perfectly well conducted, and if the authorities intervened, as in the case of the protest which I had just seen nipped, they simply called them off.

I put to him another question which I had already tried on Allied officials. Was there anything in the following statement, which I had found in the



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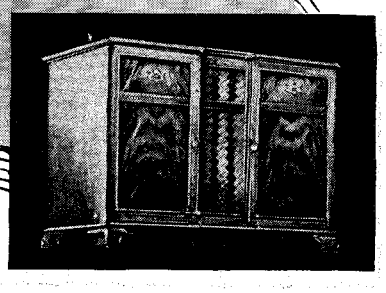

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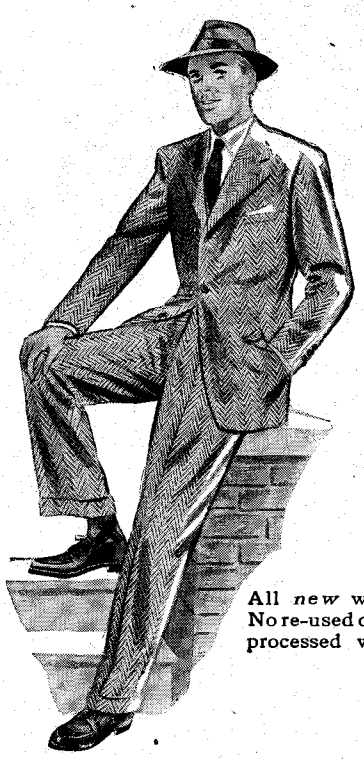

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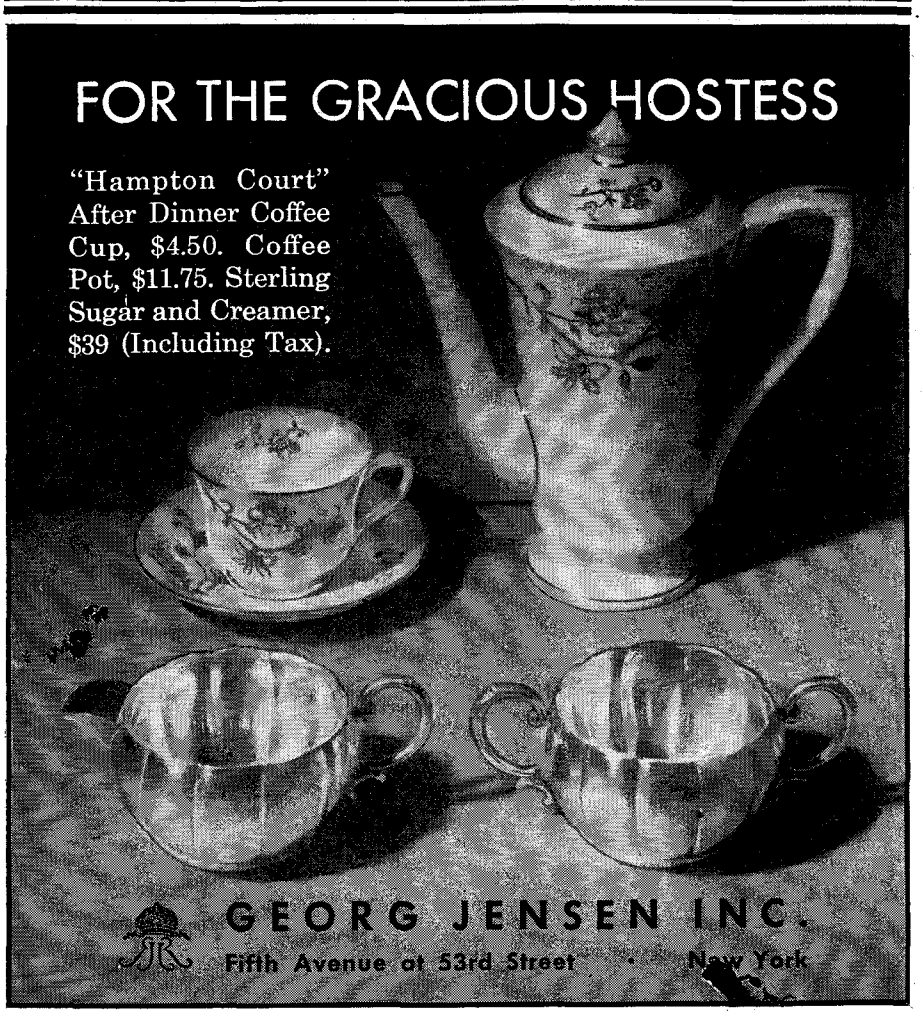

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English liberal weekly, the *New Statesman and Nation*, of June 16, 1945?—"In a revealing dispatch last Tuesday, a special correspondent of *The Times* stated bluntly that A.M.G. has refused to recognize decisions of the local liberation committees [in northern Italy] which had successfully captured and taken over nearly all the industrial plants before the arrival of our armies. In the cause of 'efficiency,' managing directors such as Valletta, of Fiat, who collaborated actively with the Germans, are being reinstated, under the threat that the Allies will not release coal and other raw materials to factories run by workers' councils." The amiable A.M.G. official I had visited at the moment of the averted demonstration had told me that, whereas he couldn't say specifically about Valletta, whose factories were in Turin, he could positively assert that this kind of thing was not being done in Milan, where it was the policy to allow the Italians to purge their Fascist officials. But the newspaperman had just come from Turin and he told me that it was perfectly true that these companies had the same old management. Valletta now sat in an office with a real-estate sign on the door, but from that office he still ran his factory. "The greatest shock I had," said my friend, "was when I found out that the Fiat stock was all owned by the original people."

THE general impression I got from talking to people in Milan, including two of our top officials, was that the ideal our policy was aiming at was to keep Italian industry going enough to relieve unemployment, and to weaken the appeal of the Left, but not to allow it to revive sufficiently—since the factories themselves are in excellent shape—seriously to compete with England. Many Italians, I found, shared this impression.

THE morning before I left, I visited two sights that I had not yet seen. The place where Mussolini's body and those of Clara Petacci and the members of his staff were exposed after the executions is not one of the city's great squares, as the reports may have led you to suppose, but a small crossroads in the working-class section. They were hung by the feet, in a gas station, to the thing under which the cars stop, and the names that indicated which was which are still painted there in crude black letters. The station is closed and deserted, and now and then somebody wanders up to stare at it. At the other

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end of the city, behind a mountainous heap of rubble, is the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo painted his "Last Supper." It is always being said that the picture was already in bad condition and that the bombing did not do it any harm. But, after all, most of the building went down: there is nothing but a husk of four walls, which has been sketchily roofed in for shelter, and an immense amount of debris must have fallen upon the picture, which, besides the fresco at the other end, also in very bad condition, is the only recognizable object surviving. There is, at any rate, almost nothing left of the "Last Supper" but a grease spot—a vague and incomplete phantom, which, however, does assert its reality in a curious and poignant way. From a distance, the three windows behind the figure of Christ, dim though they are when you approach them, do still seem to give a vista on a landscape of peace and shining light. And the subtleties of green and blue, faded and half effaced, the lovely modelling of an open hand, where the faces can hardly be seen, bring into the bare place an element which we pathetically like to call human, because it recreates and ennobles, though it represents relatively so small a part of the activity of human beings and though it appears in any intensity so rarely.

In any case, both these spectacles are typical of what you find in Europe.

—Edmund Wilson

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith," by Bruce Marshall*]

Far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees, and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment. —*Page 29.*

Then, far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees and the train that was to bear him away came rolling tinily along the embankment. —*Page 65.*

Below them, far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment. —*Page 165.*

... far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared, and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment. —*Page 190.*

I like to be in the country where there is lots of room and animals.

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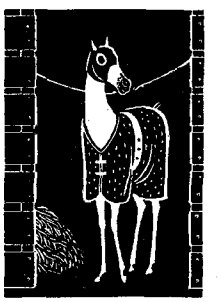
THE RACE TRACK

Dog Days

ALTHOUGH there were plenty of races at Jamaica last week, there isn't a great deal that can be said about them except that they were races. Even the Wakefield Stakes, won by Misleader, and the Nancy Lee Purse, won by Price Level, offered no reason for thinking that the breed of race horses is suddenly improving. And the Questionnaire Handicap, won by Eurasian, wasn't anything to get excited about, either. The only horseplayers who were really pleased with the Questionnaire were the cliché experts who always back the outsider in a three-horse race and who believe that a stakes winner eventually runs back to his best form. There were five runners in the Questionnaire, but tote tickets were sold on only three entries. This was because of the five horses, two each had been entered by those two friendly old claiming-race rivals, Hirsch Jacobs and Sol Rutchick. The winner, Eurasian, is a Rutchick runner, who hadn't done much since he galloped off with the Travers Stakes in 1943. He didn't win one of his eleven starts last year and had won only one out of ten this season. In the Questionnaire, though, he led for the entire mile and five furlongs, barely outlasting Olympic Zenith, who seems to be always in the money but seldom a winner. The cliché experts did all right.



WELL, here we are at Belmont again, and, while it may not have quite the charm of Saratoga, it's certainly the next best thing. The schedule of the stakes races, particularly those for the older horses, has been rearranged, so you'd better get out your pencil. The United States Hotel Stakes, which will bring out some of the better two-year-olds, and the Travers, in which Pavot won't have Gallorette to worry about, will be run this Saturday. The Whitney Stakes is down for August 15th. Devil Diver, who was retired permanently last week because of an old foot injury, won't be in it. Gallorette isn't in the Alabama Stakes on August 16th, and Busher, who won the Arlington Handicap in Chicago last Saturday, isn't likely to be on hand for it, either. (If you want the winner, my guess is Price Level.) The Saratoga Special and the $50,000 Saratoga Handicap, usually run later in the month, are booked for August 18th. The Spinaway, for which Beaugay, War Kilt, Boojie, and Mush Mush are among the two hundred and twelve eligibles, comes on August 23rd. The Saratoga Cup, traditionally a last-day-of-the-meeting fixture, has been moved up to August 25th, changing places with the Merchants and Citizens Handicap.

MY heart has been sad for the breeders of thoroughbreds, who have been in dithers for weeks lest the bottom drop out of the yearling market because of O.D.T. restrictions on shipping race horses, but it is back to normal again. Wayfarers home from the Keeneland sales in Kentucky tell me that everybody bid on everything. Even a one-eyed colt, they say, brought $6,700. Four hundred and five yearlings were sold for $3,134,150, an average of $7,739 a head, which is an all-time high. Although she had lively competition from Mrs. Dodge Sloane, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Graham again won the Miss Keeneland Sales title hands down. She bought eleven colts and five fillies for $310,700. (In 1918 the two hundred and seventy-four yearlings auctioned off at Saratoga brought $303,370, and one of them was a colt named Man o' War.) She paid $46,000 for a Blue Larkspur-Risk bay filly, a half sister of Beaugay, who has done so well for her Maine Chance stable; $41,000 each for two colts, one by Blenheim II out of Black Wave, the other by Blue Larkspur out of Faucille d'Or; $33,000 for a colt by Blenheim II out of War Risk; $31,000 for a colt by Eight Thirty out of Decolte, and $30,000 for a colt by Heliopolis out of Evening Tide. Only one animal went for less than four figures. That was a filly by Kayteekel. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., gave $700 for her. But then, one of Mr. Chrysler's hobbies is, I am informed, the collecting of curiosities.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"That you, Venegas?" A soft, purring voice spoke, in excellent English with a cultured American intonation

"Yes," said the Argentino in an English far less perfect.—*From "Steps in the Dark," by Marten Cumberland.*

Still, it's idiomatic.

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THE CHEAT

IT was seven minutes of nine that morning when Mrs. Lewis parked her dusty sedan in the lot beside the super-market. The line of waiting women extended from the locked door halfway along the glass front of the store. Not bad. The Monday line was never as long as the Friday one. Mrs. Lewis took her place and checked over the red points in her ration books again, to make sure. There were one hundred and two, counting the two red tokens in her coin purse, and ten days to go. Seventy-five for this week wouldn't leave much margin to carry her to the end of the month. But she'd have to use seventy-five this week, what with the dinner party Thursday.

Another woman joined the line, and Mrs. Lewis wondered if it was an individual quirk that always made her feel as if a line were getting somewhere as soon as it extended out behind her. Actually the line was standing still, and the clerks visible behind the locked doors appeared still unaware of the waiting women. Across the street, the A. & P. opened its doors and the customers surged in. More women joined Mrs. Lewis's line, which shifted restlessly.

In front of her, three cheerful young women were gossiping. Now a fourth, a small woman in a blue dress, stopped to speak to one of them.

"Hello," she said. "Bright and early, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm a lady of leisure now Jerry's in summer camp," the other woman answered.

"I let my maid go," the woman in the blue dress said. "Last night. She's packed up and gone."

Mrs. Lewis watched suspiciously. She felt sure that the woman in the blue dress was going to try to melt into the line with her acquaintances instead of going back to the end.

"Usually they open the doors here before the A. & P.," the woman behind Mrs. Lewis said, "but they've been in the A. & P. a minute or two now and we're still waiting."

Farther back, a woman in an untidy snood, a plaid dress, and slippers with run-over heels stepped out of line to get a better look at the door. She moved up a step or two, and Mrs. Lewis moved up and closed the very small gap in the line ahead of her.

"Mrs. Davis, I want you to meet Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Montgomery."

The woman in the blue dress acknowledged the introduction pleasantly, and casually but firmly usurped a place in the line. Mrs. Lewis looked at her and hated her. She hated all small women in blue dresses.

Now the shutters were coming down, and a clerk stationed himself just inside the entrance, holding a handful of the numbered cardboard tickets which usually hung on a rack at the meat counter.

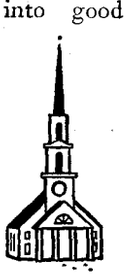
"Does Joe give them out now?" Mrs. Lewis asked the woman behind her.

"It's fairer that way," the woman said. "So many people were getting hurt running for them, and if you couldn't use your elbows, you'd get up in the eighties no matter how early you were here."

The woman in the snood moved forward with elaborate casualness, as if to look at the door, just as it was opened. She walked in with the first customers and got Number 15. Mrs. Lewis, in her proper place in line, hated snoods and run-over heels. The woman in the blue dress got Number 40 and laughed about it. "I got Number 40," she said to her friend.

Mrs. Lewis, her Number 43 in her left hand, found a basket carrier with wheels that weren't warped and said under her breath, "You got Number 40 by cheating." Saying it made her feel silly but more cheerful. "Women!" she thought. "Women!" She wished she didn't have to belong to the sex of which such things were to be expected.

She chose her staples and vegetables while she waited for the butchers to get to Number 43. There were three rib roasts inside the counter, and this late in the month, when everyone's points were running low, there was a very good chance that one of them would still be there when her turn came. She wondered if it was quite fair to the children to use the points for a dinner-party roast.



IT was nearly ten o'clock when Mrs. Lewis's number was called. The woman in the snood had finished at the meat counter and gone; the woman in the blue dress was buying pounds and pounds. Very strange that anyone would have that many points by the twenty-first, Mrs. Lewis thought. Probably she'd kept all the maid's red points when she let her go. After 41 and 42 were taken care of, there was still one rib roast there. Mrs. Lewis bought it, and butter, a soup bone, and a small heart.

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"Seventy-three points," the butcher said.

Mrs. Lewis hesitated. Seventy-five was her quota for a week. "Bacon this morning?" she asked.

The butcher nodded.

"How many points on it now?" Mrs. Lewis asked.

"Eight."

"I'll take half a pound," Mrs. Lewis said.

The butcher produced a package of bacon from inside the counter. "Sixty-three and four," he said. "Sixty-seven points."

Mrs. Lewis looked at him, startled. He was shoving the packages across the counter toward her, his eyes already on the spindle to see what number he would call next. Mrs. Lewis looked quickly at the women on her right and left. They were staring avidly at the meat on display and paying no attention to her. Mrs. Lewis tore seven stamps out of her book and handed them to the butcher. She held her breath while she waited for him to give her the tokens. "And three is seventy," he said.

Mrs. Lewis put the tokens in her purse and pushed her way out through the crowd. "It's because of the children," she told herself. "I wouldn't do it for myself."

Ahead of her, the small woman in the blue dress was waiting her turn in the line at the check stand. Mrs. Lewis experienced no fellow feeling for her at all. —ANNA MARY WELLS

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Recently I hired a carpenter to make a new set of drawers for the old desk in my study. "Nothing fancy," I instructed him. "If they fit and don't fall apart, that's good enough."

A few days later I stopped at his workshop to see how he was progressing. He had finished two of the drawers, both precise and beautiful specimens of skilled workmanship, and was working on the back panel of a third. Watching him, one would have thought that his life depended on the perfection of that part alone. "Why take so much trouble with something that won't be seen?" I asked. "Who'll ever know the difference?"

He straightened in surprise. "Why, I will."—*Paul Churcher in Coronet, May, 1945.*

After watching him for some time the Doctor said: "Baxter, why do you spend so much time on that table? Who's going to know whether or not the last touch has been put on the under side of it?"

Baxter straightened up and looked at the Doctor in surprise.

"Why, I will," he said.—*From "Adventures in Contentment," by David Grayson, Doubleday, Page, 1907.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

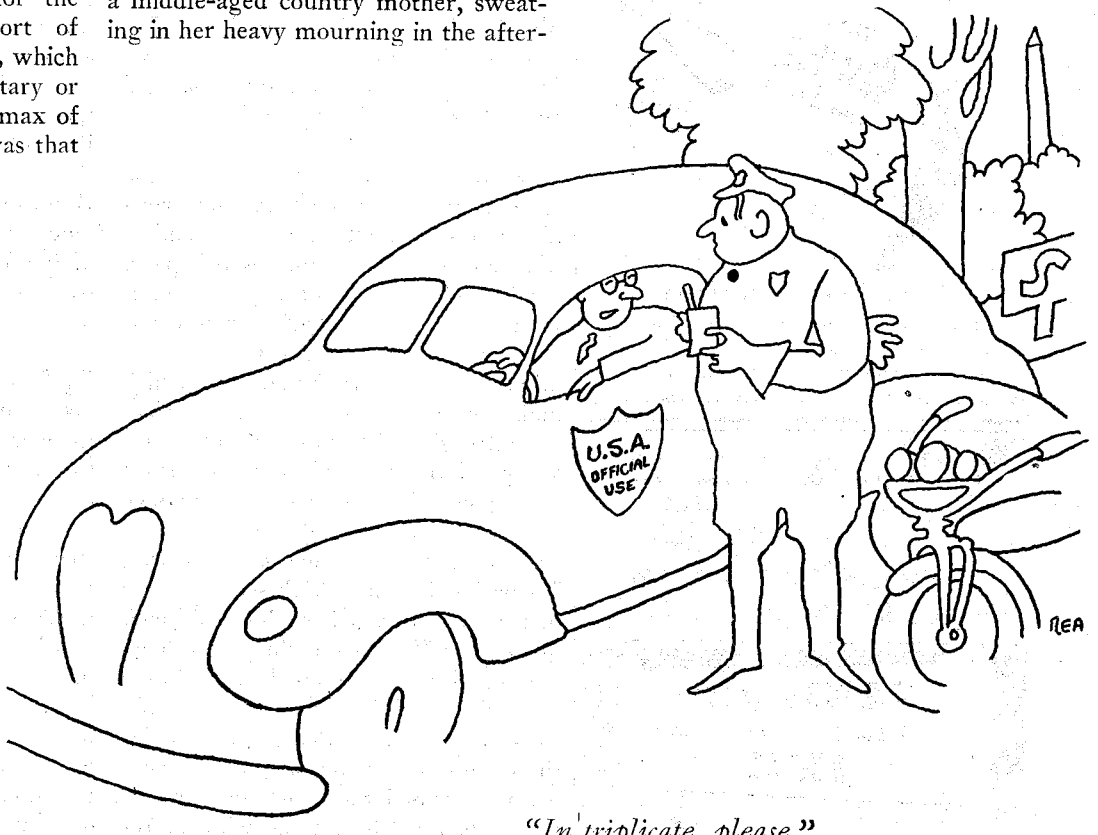
AUGUST 3 (BY WIRELESS)

IT is extraordinary that the treason trial of Marshal Philippe Pétain reached its sixth day in the Palais de Justice before it bumped into a few completely objective facts. Up to then the trial had been coasting along on the airy, wary personal opinions of some of the most famous and least disinterested politicians in France—those who had been running the country during the already culpable nineteen-thirties, before the Marshal took over at Vichy. The little-known, fact-giving witness was General Paul Doyen, who had been the French president of the Wiesbaden Armistice Commission until he was sacked, early in the occupation, by the Vichy crowd for telling them that they not only should but could resist German post-armistice pressure. The *important facts*, which, the General declared, made "a recitation painful to French ears," featured Germany's unprotested *illegal* annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, which, though it happened in August, 1940, was still news to Paris in July, 1945. They also included the ensuing Nazi *demand for all* French war material in North Africa, as feed for Desert Rat Rommel's campaign against Wavell in Tripoli, and the Vichy Government's promise to comply, which General Weygand was able to sabotage by slowdowns. And they detailed the subsequent German demand for the Levant airfields, plus the port of Bizerte, and Vichy's compliance, which by this time no one, either military or civil, could slow down. The climax of General Doyen's declarations was that the Marshal, after kicking out Dauphin Pierre Laval in early December of 1940, "thereafter had at Vichy a free road to defend what could be defended of France" against the Germans, but that "of his own choice he had elected otherwise."

The importance of Doyen's testimony (aside from his revelation that the elegant Marshal, during the first Christmas at Vichy, which was to have been so happy, referred to Laval as "a dung heap") lay in the fact that it was indeed fact, based on the Wiesbaden documents, and that it dealt with the Pétain of the occupation, surely the period in which the charge of treason will have to be localized if it is to be made truly legal. One of the weaknesses of the prosecution up to then had been that its political witnesses had droned on about the prewar anti-republicanism of the Marshal, as if that in itself was a crime during the Third Republic, which unfortunately it was not. The prosecution's other great weakness had been that it had achieved only a single, oblique reference to that historic telegram from President Roosevelt which requested Pétain's aid for our invading Allied troops in North Africa, and to the Marshal's reply that he would resist any invasion, and to his not resisting the Germans when they invaded his unoccupied France a few days later, on November 11, 1942. To the French populace, confused by its old mixed love and hate for the Marshal and [illegible]rt, dled by the current tarradiddles in co[illegible]ne that November 11th has beco[illegible]as Treachery Day just as significantly [illegible]y. July 14th became Independence Day.

One thing the populace has certainly disagreed with the prosecution about is the delay in calling to the stand some of the resistance families that lost men and women in the struggle, tortured or shot by Pétain's militia or sent by them to die more slowly, scarred and starved, in Nazi concentration camps. One such resistance relict presented herself early this week on the sidewalk before the Palais de Justice gate. She was a middle-aged country mother, sweating in her heavy mourning in the afternoon heat. She told the Palais guard that one of her sons had been beaten to death by Vichy legionnaires, that the other had perished in the concentration camp of Nordhausen, and that she wanted to speak to the Marshal. When an American reporter urged the guard to let her enter (so-called "spontaneous witnesses" are admitted to this strange high court), the guard refused, saying, "She might assassinate him. Then his death would be my fault." Later that same afternoon, Colonel Charles Chaudrey, the resistance hero celebrated under the *nomme de guerre* of Grégoire, did indeed speak to Pétain in court. Chaudrey pointed an accusing finger at Pétain and cried, "If there remains in him even a little love for France, let him, before he pays with his life, fall to his knees upon her land and ask its pardon!"

FOR th[illegible] ticklish[illegible]e American press, the most during t[illegible] moment in the trial came ter fro[illegible]ne reading of the pro-Pétain letamba[illegible]n Admiral Leahy, our former catio[illegible]ssador to Vichy. To this communi-[illegible]n, which interrupted one of the many installments of Reynaud's uncomplimentary evidence against the Marshal (the defense had shrewdly cut in with Leahy's praise, to prove Reynaud wrong), the sly little mouse-faced politician came back with a gallant pun. "Ambassadors are polite enough to forget the truth. *C'est la courte mémoire*



"In triplicate, please."

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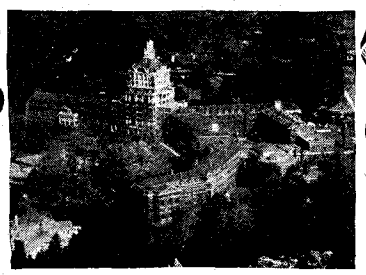

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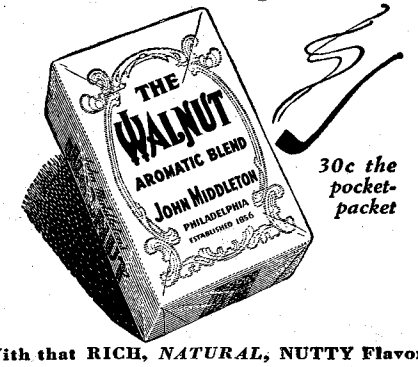

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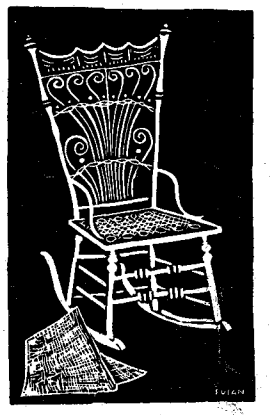
qui fait la courtoisie diplomatique." The Parisian press seemed almost bashful about acknowledging the existence of the Leahy note. Both *France-Soir* and *Ce Soir* lied about it politely. The first briefly described it as "a rather reticent letter, which could cut both ways." The second did its job in a bigger way, explaining, truthfully enough, that the defense considered that it had had a big stroke of luck in the Leahy document but that all Leahy really had said was that Pétain should have resisted the Germans more, even if France suffered more. Only *Le Monde* actually quoted the Leahy letter intact, but it did so without comment, which its conservative bigily [illegible]ness readers could easily make for themselves.

What with the touchiness [illegible] the Franco-American relations and wh[illegible] French people's angry memory of misst they called our State Department's de[illegible]eading backing of Vichy in the early [illegible]ays, it is just as well that the populace here never reads *Le Monde* and so missed Leahy's choicer paragraphs, translated into lovely French. Example: "*J'avais alors et j'ai maintenant la conviction que votre but principal était le bien et la protection du peuple abandonné de France . . . Avec l'expression de mes sentiments personnels et avec les vœux que votre activité dans la période d'occupation par l'ennemi puisse être évaluée à sa juste valeur par le peuple français, je demeure très sincèrement à vous,* Leahy."

PÉTAIN was in no position to have the best lawyers in the land come running to his help, but his trio of defenders still seems peculiarly, unnecessarily poor, lacking tact, teamwork, grace, and, with one exception, brains. His chief, *bâtonnier* Payen, has a scattered, jerky mind, and an unfortunate tic which makes his mouth pop open and shut like a bullfrog's. Pétain's second man, *maître* Lemaire, raises unimportant legal points in the loud, declamatory voice of the Comédie-Française. The youngest Pétain defender, *maître* Isorni, has brains, but they don't seem at their best at the bar, where his bad habit of continually interrupting everybody seems to distress even his client, as Judge Mongibeaux classically and courteously calls old Pétain. All that can be said for the defense is that no one, at any rate, has yet accused the pro-Pétain trio of having had anything to do with the resistance. Yet all the court's major anti-Pétainist witnesses have had to admit, under cross-examination, that once they were pro-Pétain, in that they trusted what is now constantly called his prestige and authority. As Léon Blum thoughtfully told the court, "There is a Pétain mystery." The judges now trying Pétain for his life once perforce swore allegiance to him as their Unoccupied France chief of state. Even old Prosecutor Mornet had to admit, after first denying the fact with an indignant screech of "Infamy!," that he had accepted an invitation to sit on Pétain's scandalous Riom trial bench, though he later refused to take his seat. And even the two juries, one chosen from the resistance, the other from those rare parliamentarians who in Bordeaux had voted against giving the Republic to the old, autocratic Marshal, even the juries—like those of the French Revolution, out to get heads—are packed and proud of it. So far, the trial has tarnished everyone it has touched. An atmosphere in which all the men seem faintly fallible and all the methods slightly illegal has established itself as the natural air to breathe in the small, stuffed, shoddy courtroom.



Of all the testimony of the big political figures, what Léon Blum had to say against Pétain was the most intellectual, clear (if complex), and unequivocal. All the politicians were asked by the Presiding Judge if they thought Pétain had committed treason and what they thought treason consisted of. Blum's definition was best: "An absence of moral confidence was the base of the Vichy Government, and that is treason. Treason is the act of selling out."

TAKING advantage of one of the admirable, odd privileges given to them in this high court, entitling them to insist upon hearing from anyone they chose, the resistance jurors insisted on summoning the newly returned Pierre Laval. Laval's name is a well-known palindrome—as the French say, it reads the same forward and backward, so how can you tell if he's coming or going—and Parisians had bet that Laval, being too dangerous to both the defense and the prosecution, would not be called to talk. He was called, and he talked. He entered the courtroom as if its complete silence were dangerous to

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him. He carried his gray hat and his worn brown briefcase in his hand, in confusion and in a low voice asked where the witness stand was, and, when he saw that it was only a carved, cane-seated parlor chair, deposited his hat and briefcase on the seat and stood erect. He was at first unrecognizable. The fat of his face is now gone. His oily, Moorish hair is now dry and gray and his mustache is the color of tobacco juice. His crooked, stained teeth make a dark, cavernous background for his large lips. Until he spoke, he was some other man who had been announced as the infamous Pierre Laval. The buxom dandy of other days had turned into an unprosperous stranger, a worn, brown-skinned, worried-looking country fellow, with watchful, inelegant, careful gestures. Above his habitual white string tie, his large, low white collar ruffled around his thin neck, which was hung with loose wattles like those of a brunette turkey cock. His dappled, gray-and-white-striped suit was so large for his frame that it looked borrowed. The moment he started speaking, the interesting phenomenon ended. His voice, his vocabulary, his alert and vulgar mentation were the same as ever.

For thirty-nine minutes, by the clock, Laval talked without a stop and without ever answering Judge Mongibeaux's opening inquiry, "When did your political relations with Marshal Pétain begin?" The only insulting thing Laval said about the Marshal was that Pétain had never known anything about politics. Then, like any successful black-market businessman telling another how he got his start, Laval confided, "Politics has to be learned. It's not something you just catch on to. It has to be studied to be good. You've got to learn it all the way up. Now, me, I began at the bottom and took on every job on the way to the top." He also recited a confidence about the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, with whom he must have had, years ago, a curious conversation about the problem of Mussolini and the Abyssinian War. "'You ask your father about it,' I kept telling the Prince," said Laval. "'You go ask your father the King and he will tell you.' But the Prince, he kept saying that his father was a king and so wasn't a politician. Pétain was like that. War and Les Invalides were his element." Inflexible, wax-faced, motionless as usual, Marshal Pétain, from his worn black-leather easy chair, watched his former Dauphin's back. The two men did not speak, upon finding themselves together in the same

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high court. But once, when Laval turned, with the Vichy Dauphin smile, to say something nice about the old man, the Vichy chief of state lifted his white hand in an almost imperceptible contemptuous, familiar gesture of greeting. It was their unofficial *rencontre* at their treason trial. —GENÊT

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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Grove (Okla.) Sun*]

DELAWARE COUNTY HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB COUNCIL MEETING

(BY MRS. THOMAS BLEVINS.)

Mrs. Abernathy asked me if I would do this in verse. Here it is:

To try to tell it I could do worse,
I had rather in my rocker sit,
Why not let George do it?
She has asked me to do this bit of work,
I will do what I can and will not shirk.
So as I did my dishes on Sunday morn,
The request stuck in my mind like a thorn.
As I stacked the plates and washed the pans,
I wrote this down with soapy hands.
All day we could view the iris display,
There was a colorful, gorgeous array.
Mrs. Coppedge has iris that blooms from May to September,
Baby Dutch was one, the others I don't remember.
They ranged in color from purple to blue,
There were many others brought iris, too.
Silver, gold, maroon, bronze and white,
In vases and baskets were a lovely sight.
When Miss Diehl stepped on the floor,
We knew we would come away knowing more.
She talked of a flower garden she once knew,
My mind's eye went back to a flower garden, too.
It was a flower garden of my mother's,
With pinks, larkspur, roses and many others.
I could see those flowers plain as day,
And could scarcely keep the tears away.
In the afternoon was a human bingo game
Where you filled in with names, such as Sada or Mayme.
If you found your names all in a row,
You called out Bingo—
You couldn't sit 'round and look forlorn,
With a game going on called Jenny Crack Corn.
We missed the Merrifields smiling face,
Miss Flood was there to fill her place.
She judged bonnet, apron and dress,
And on the buttonholes laid much stress.
They must be made with bar and fan,
They are hard to make, see if any of you can.
A very interesting thing to see.
Was a young mother and children (3).
A very small boy in a made-over shirt,
Scarcely came to the hem of his mother's skirt.
There were dresses and bonnets and aprons with straps,
A made-over suit and 2 winter wraps.
The dresses were extremely neat.
Some made for work, some for street.

[*Editor's Note: Remaining thirty-nine lines deleted because of paper shortage.*]

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PRIVATE STOCK
World's finest aged rum
Made in a spotless American Distillery
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SIBONEY DISTILLING CORPORATION, Phila., Pa.
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Your Stamps will bring more if the world's leading
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DINNER AND SUPPER
George Olsen
and his Orchestra
AT SUPPER
Jane Pickens
Paul Winchell
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $1, except Fridays and Saturdays, $2
(No cover charge for Service Men and Women in Uniform)
The Waldorf-Astoria

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Brilliant, beautiful pictures in full color, like the one above—once more you'll be able to get them . . . with Kodachrome Film . . . to show as movies on your own home screen.

. . . And as soon as war conditions permit— Eastman, and Eastman only, as in former years, will again give you the complete equipment and service you need for these wonderful home color movies: world-famed Ciné-Kodak, in a model exactly suited to your needs; Kodascope, the projector that shows your color movies in their full brilliancy and beauty; and, of course, full-color Kodachrome Film, including processing . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodachrome Film

Kodak's full-color home movie film

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HELEN RIICKERT

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RITA DAIGLE

Which is your choice?

Vote now for Miss Rheingold 1946!

One of these girls will win national fame plus $3000 in cash and War Bonds. You can help her. Vote today at any Rheingold Store or Tavern.

IF *YOU* WERE directing Rheingold advertising...which would *you* choose to be Miss Rheingold 1946?

Frankly, we want your help. We want to choose the girl that appeals to the greatest number of New Yorkers. And so this year, as for many years past, we are letting the public decide.

These six finalists were chosen from among hundreds of pretty candidates.

$3000 for the Winner!

The winner—chosen by all New York with ballots found at all Rheingold Stores and Taverns and dropped into the ballot boxes there—will win the title worn in the past by such famous beauties as Jinx Falkenburg, Ruth Ownbey, Nancy Drake, Sonia Gover, Jane House, and Pat Boyd, 1945 winner.

She will win $2000 in War Bonds and $1000 in model fees.

She will appear in beautiful, full-color advertising on billboards and car cards, in magazines, in newspapers, and in tavern and store displays all over Greater New York.

She will travel to America's most famous scenic spots... wartime travel conditions permitting.

Get Your Friends to Vote

It will be fun to look at your favorite in Rheingold advertising and think, "I helped put her there!"

So vote today—and ask your friends to join you.

While you're at your Store or Tavern, you might order some Rheingold from your dealer, too. You'll enjoy the clean, clear, real-beer flavor of Rheingold—the DRY beer.

But in any event, be sure to vote. Help your favorite become Miss Rheingold 1946.

(Contest closes August 31, 1945.)

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

A Master Brew of Liebmann Breweries, Inc.
Brewers of fine beer for more than 100 years.

Copr. 1945, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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LETTER FROM MUNICH

AUGUST 1 (BY WIRELESS)

TO hear the Germans talk, no German ever approved of the Nazi movement or thought that Hitler was anything but a dope. It therefore comes almost as a surprise to find that a certain number of Germans actually *did* oppose Hitler and that some of them really did go as far as to try to do him in. In wandering around Germany lately, I have come upon several stories of the resistance to Hitler, particularly of the underground conspiracy to assassinate him, and I pass them along for whatever they're worth.

Twenty years ago, I was a student at Heidelberg, and during a recent visit to Heidelberg, I looked up some of my old acquaintances. One of them was Frau Doktor Jaffe, the widow of a Jewish professor and, in the days before Joseph Goebbels took it upon himself to prescribe what his countrymen could and could not read, D. H. Lawrence's German translator. I had met Lawrence at Frau Jaffe's home. It was not altogether chance that he had chosen her as his translator, for she was the sister of his wife, the famous Frieda. Mrs. Lawrence and Frau Jaffe had been the von Richthofen girls, cousins of the German ace of the first World War and tearing beauties in their day.

My reunion with Frau Jaffe took place in her home, which is in Neuenheim, a suburb of Heidelberg just across the Neckar. She poured me a cup of ersatz tea and we started to catch up on two decades. We hadn't talked long before in came another old friend, Professor Alfred Weber, a white-haired, white-bearded gentleman of seventy-seven who, even though it was a warm afternoon, was wearing a stiff shirt. Weber is an economist, sociologist, and political scientist; all over the world there are distinguished men who were students of his, and I remember that during the Republic it was considered an honor just to have flunked one of his courses. Besides being a great teacher and scholar, Weber was always what timid or stuffy Germans called *ein wilder Demokrat*. During the rise of National Socialism he wrote and spoke against the movement with ceaseless fervor. When the *Machtergreifung*, or seizure of power, came, on January 30, 1933, he was an emeritus and turning sixty-five, but he continued to carry on as he had before, and to the end of the Hitler regime his snorts at the New Order could be heard echoing up and down the Neckar Valley.

Not once in all that time did Weber give, or reply to, a single "*Heil Hitler!*" If this seems but a picayune triumph of enlightened liberalism, it should be remembered that failure to *heil* with alacrity and suitable snap was a misdemeanor liable the first time to such a reprimand as a kick in the groin and that a second offense was a felony punishable by penal servitude. Faculty members who joined the Party or collaborated with it regarded Weber with a wormlike awe, and it was a big day in their lives when he deigned to return their effusive greeting with an icy nod. No one in Heidelberg could explain to me why Goebbels had never had him put away, since others as venerable and celebrated as he had been herded off to concentration camps. Alfred Weber's survival, I gathered, was a piece of incredible luck.

After pouring Weber a cup of tea, Frau Jaffe asked me if I thought Hitler was dead. I told her of a talk I'd had in Berchtesgaden shortly after V-E Day with four men who had been super-speed-shorthand secretaries at Hitler's G.H.Q. All four were certain that Hitler was dead, and their conviction seemed to me impressive. Three of the four had been with him for nearly five years, and one of those three had been in the same room with him, in July a year before, when some explosives in a black briefcase belonging to Colonel Count Klaus Stauffenberg went off, wounding or killing a number of people but doing little more to the Führer than tear his pants. The story goes that, upon hearing the briefcase explode, Stauffenberg went to the headquarters of the Home Army, the Wehrmacht's replacement organization, in Berlin and triumphantly, if naïvely, announced that Hitler was dead. As proof, he pointed out that he had not only planted the briefcase beneath a table over which Hitler was bent, peering at a map, but had heard it go off. One of Stauffenberg's brother officers, who was a Himmler stool pigeon, called Goebbels and said he had just been told that the Führer was dead. Goebbels called Hitler's headquarters, found that the Führer was thoroughly alive, and speedily set the S. S. to rounding up the conspirators. That night Hitler spoke over the radio. Stauffenberg's being a count gave the Nazis a wonderful opportunity to assure the German people that the plot was entirely aristocratic and reactionary and had no popular support.

Old Weber assured me that thousands of civilians were involved in the assassination plot. "Literally thousands," he said. "From what I gather, people outside Germany think that it was purely a military putsch. But the Home Army was merely the instrument for carrying out the plan. It was absolutely necessary to use the military, since that was the only possible way of getting at Hitler, but the conspiracy was entirely civilian in origin and direction." Weber told me that at least five thousand civilians were imprisoned for their part in the plot and more than nine hundred of them were executed last February alone. To be sure, aristocratic and conservative groups were involved, but the Social Democrats were heavily mixed up in the proceedings. In fact, representatives of almost every political way of thinking except the Fascist and Communist were in the plot. Even some religious groups, in which Protestants and Catholics worked together, were involved. A few of the conspirators were rather ingenuous, and they made the grave mistake of drawing up lists of men to hold certain government offices after the Nazis were overthrown. Several of the lists got into the hands of the S. S., thanks to the diligence of spies planted among the conspirators, and these documents were very helpful to Himmler when it came time to round up suspects.

BEFORE I left the house, I told Frau Jaffe that I was on my way to Munich, and she gave me the names of a few people she thought I might want to look up. One was the widow of Ulrich von Hassell, who was the German ambassador to Rome from 1932 until he was dismissed, in 1938, for emphatically warning his government not to sign any military agreement with the Italians because he felt that in a war they would be a terrible liability. He was hanged last September for his part in the July attempt on Hitler's life.

Frau von Hassell's father was Ad-

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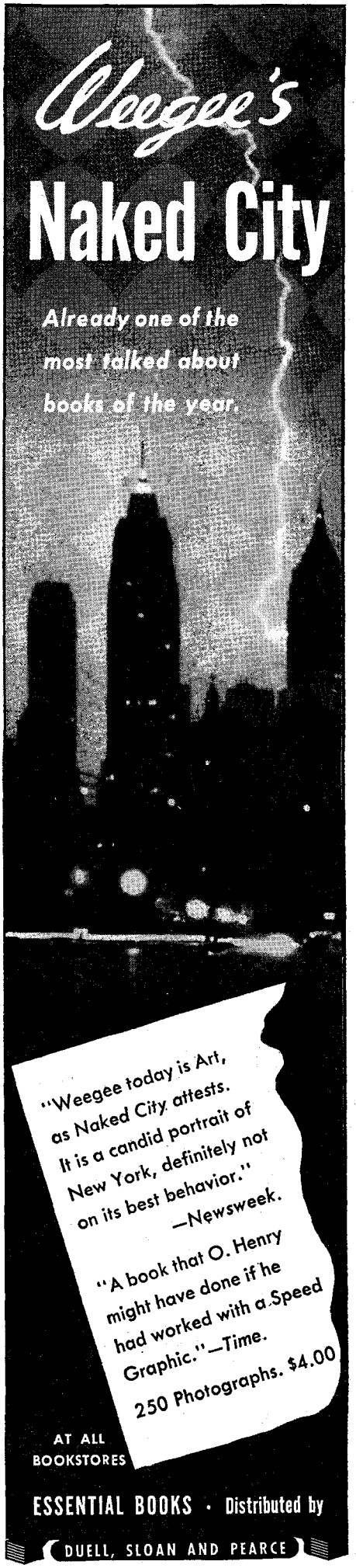
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Naked City
Already one of the most talked about books of the year.
"Weegee today is Art, as Naked City attests. It is a candid portrait of New York, definitely not on its best behavior." —Newsweek.
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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

miral of the Fleet von Tirpitz, who commanded the German Navy during the last war and whose astounding whiskers were drawn countless times by American cartoonists of that period. I discovered, when I went to see her, that she was living with one of her two daughters in nicely furnished quarters in a village near Munich. Both women are tall and distinguished-looking, but very thin as a result, I gathered, of what they've been through. They were in mourning. I said that I wanted to find out about what underground opposition there had been to Hitler, and Frau von Hassell, after a few preliminaries, calmly described the rôle her husband had played in the plot to kill his Führer, a plot that had begun over six years before the attempted assassination. As she outlined it, it seemed a fantastically reckless and awkward venture.

After von Hassell lost his diplomatic post, she said, he returned to Berlin, where he had once practiced law, and resumed his profession. He had many friends there, and several of them came to him in alarm over the pogroms throughout Germany in the fall of 1938, after the famous murder of Ernst vom Rath, a member of the Nazis' Paris legation, by the Pole Grynzpan. "They came to him asking what could be done to get rid of the Nazis," Frau von Hassell told me, adding that from then on her husband was a member of the conspiracy.

Four of von Hassell's closest associates in the days that followed, according to the widow, were Johannes Popitz, who had once been finance minister of Prussia; Professor Jens Jessen, of the University of Berlin's economics department; Erwin Planck, who had been an undersecretary of state in the von Schleicher and von Papen governments and was the son of Max Planck, a prominent physicist; and Karl Goerdeler, who had once been *Oberbürgermeister* of Leipzig. Goerdeler became a price administrator during the war and travelled extensively around Germany with von Hassell, urging friends to join the movement. Colonel General Beck, who had been chief of the General Staff, Field Marshal von Witzleben, who broke the Maginot Line, and Generals Fromm and Olbricht also took part in what Frau von Hassell referred to as "the conversations," but they didn't join up until after the war with Russia had started.

"These men I have mentioned formed the inner ring of elders, so to speak," said Frau von Hassell, "and each had a large group of his own behind him. Then there was also a younger branch of this conservative section and I remember that some of its group leaders were Helmuth von Moltke, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, and Count von der Schulenburg, the son of our ambassador to Moscow. Trott zu Stolz, a legation councillor, and Count von Schwerin, who was a nephew of von Bethmann-Hollweg, the chancellor during the last war, were prominent in the movement, too, and so were the von Haeften brothers, one of whom was an Army officer and one of whom was in the Foreign Office.

"The original idea of my husband's group was to seize Hitler and the men around him and put them to formal trial. But as soon as the war broke out, Himmler redoubled his precautions for Hitler's safety, and this idea, of course, had to be given up. The group then realized that it never could take Hitler alive and would have to kill him.

"Eight days after the attempt on Hitler's life was made, my daughter and I were arrested by the S. S., so I wrote to Himmler from prison," Frau von Hassell said evenly, and here I interrupted her. I wanted to get this straight.

"You mean you knew him?" I asked. "Or was it a sort of open statement to the authority who had you and your daughter in custody?"

"Of course I knew him," she replied, and explained how. Back in the middle thirties, she said, Julius Streicher's newspaper, *Der Stürmer*, had attacked Professor Werner Heisenberg, a physicist at the University of Leipzig, on the peculiarly Streicherlike grounds that the scientist was an authority on the quantum theory, that the quantum theory was based on the Einstein Theory, and that therefore Heisenberg was giving aid and comfort to the Jews and should be dismissed. *Der Stürmer* bellowed on about it so persistently that at last Heisenberg could stand it no longer and told the von Hassells that he had decided to leave Germany. Von Hassell decided to see what he could do to make Streicher pipe down. "We had gone to Italy, and one day, when we were

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in Rome," Frau von Hassell said, "my husband told me that Himmler had arrived in town and asked me to have him to tea. I thought he was joking, but, no, he meant it. He said he wanted to do what he could for his friend Heisenberg. So I had Himmler to tea and begged him to get Streicher to stop. I pointed out to him that Heisenberg, who was only in his thirties, was about the last really great scientist Germany had left, because so many had already fled. Himmler wouldn't promise anything, but Streicher's attacks stopped with the next issue and Heisenberg stayed."

At this point, Fräulein von Hassell spoke up. "Himmler used to be a surly little bookkeeper to look at," she said. "I danced with him once." I asked her what sort of dancer Himmler was. "He stepped all over my feet," she said.

Ulrich von Hassell was tried last September in Berlin and, according to his widow, made such a long and eloquent speech in denunciation of Nazism that most of the two hundred people in the courtroom felt that *he* was the prosecuting attorney. "I worked with my husband from the beginning to the end," Frau von Hassell went on, "and my conscience is clear before God. To me Adolf Hitler and the men around him were less than dirt."

The widow has, or had, two sons. They were arrested by the S. S. and she has had no news of them since, nor has she heard from her other daughter, Fey, who married an anti-Fascist Italian named Pirzio Biroli. It was only when Frau von Hassell spoke of this daughter's two sons—Roberto and Coradino, aged three and four—that her voice faltered. The S. S., it seems, made a practice of holding *Sippenhäftlinge*, or kin prisoners, and after von Hassell was convicted the two children were taken away. They were not executed, like their grandfather, but, as an exquisite refinement of punishment, they were sent to an institution under new names. So far, their grandmother said, no one had been able to learn what institution it was or under what names the children were registered. —JOEL SAYRE

•

CANARYCIDE, OR, SOMETHING HE ATE, NO DOUBT

There is a look of fiendish cat glee
Upon the puss of Clement Attlee.
The Chessie grins to show his thanks;
The ones that have no tails are Manx.

—CROSBY GAIGE

AND THE DESERT BLOSSOMED WITH Beefsteak

Seventy years ago a Harvey House menu was never complete without a "Harvey" steak . . . *even at breakfast.* Early western travelers said, "Fred Harvey has made the desert blossom with beefsteak." Today, of course, the war has made steak, along with many other things, a very scarce delicacy.

But, in spite of food rationing, as well as shortages of help and equipment, Fred Harvey's job today is serving millions more meals than ever before . . . especially to our fighting men. As they travel to and from the battle-fronts, servicemen eat tens of thousands of meals daily in Fred Harvey hotels, restaurants, dining cars. Harvey facilities all along main travel routes and in rail terminals are devoted primarily to this task.

So, if occasionally you should not find Harvey hospitality up to the old standards, we know you understand. After our war job is done we promise you only the famous Fred Harvey service three generations of American travelers have known.

Judy Garland as a "Harvey Girl"

We're happy to note that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest screen treat, "THE HARVEY GIRLS," is a Technicolor musical romance that brings to life Fred Harvey's winsome waitresses who braved the wild west in the 1890's. The film stars Judy Garland with John Hodiak and an exceptional cast.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright, Fred Harvey, Chicago, 1945

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

CAROLE STUPELL, 507 Madison Avenue (52nd), has cornered a collection of Portuguese glazed ceramic tableware which even in days of plenty would be worth going a good bit out of your way to see. I'd say that with this group, which is made up of bowls, plates, platters, and covered dishes in the shapes of various vegetables, the potters of Portugal, though they have not yet acquired the fame of the French and Italian experts, have come into their own. Among the larger pieces are salad bowls, centerpieces, and covered serving dishes for hot foods. Among the smaller things are covered pieces of the kind that would make wonderful hot-sauce dishes, as well as the sort of bowls that the stores love to call Covered Soups. There are also butter dishes (all right, cottage cheese, then) and lovely little plates. The cabbage designs seem the most successful. I especially liked an enormous covered dish, which looks like a gardener's dream of a prize-winning cabbage and has a matching plate and a ceramic ladle, and a huge cabbage-leaf salad bowl with nice high sides to permit the most abandoned tossing of your salad before serving. The bowl is $26, to give you an idea.

Some unusual figurines, big enough for table and mantel decoration, are around here, too. They are made of fabric molded with all the minute delicacy of detail of fine porcelains and then shellacked to rigidity. There are Breton peasants, Central American types, and Chinese and Javanese dancers and nautch girls. The dancers, with their skirts and scarves swirling and their fragile throats, ankles, and even fingers hung with bangle jewelry from which real stones blaze, are the most colorful of the group. Some of the figures are merely decorative, but others hold coffers that can be cigarette boxes or baskets that can be candleholders, and the heads of still others support platters that you are expected to heap with fruits when the figures are used as table decorations.

Stupell has a thing called a tête-à-tête table, made of some sort of wood treated to look like bamboo, that might come in very handy for a light meal on a sofa or in bed. The top, an oblong set with brick-colored tiles, is supported at only one end, so the other end can be pushed over a bed or a sofa seat. It's $25.

THE Carol Janeway department at Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is still well stocked with the young artist's fine tiles and ceramic tableware. At the moment there are some new tea tiles that are particularly handsome examples of Janeway's talent for combining fantasy and functionalism. The tiles are decorated with her characteristically imaginative fairy-tale creatures in her usual brilliant colors under a high glaze, but the shape of the pieces is entirely new. The edges are rolled under at two ends, so that the tiles can be easily picked up. They are $6 apiece. Among the other nice Janeway things are white tile bookends decorated with bluebirds and mounted in blocks of pale wood. They're $15 a pair. Her flowerpots with matching saucers start at $10. Tea and coffee sets in a petunia pattern on white are enchanting, but you should be warned that they run into plenty of money. I liked her doorknobs best of all. They are $21 a pair and I wouldn't blame the most confirmed nomad if he bought a set just in case he might someday have a door to put them on.

Jensen is also showing the more restrained tilework of Nellys, who uses nothing but Grecian designs and never lets you forget that she is Greek. Her formally executed classic motifs and her Greek warriors and dancers in their beautiful tunics appear on wood-framed trivet tiles, tiled trays, dinner plates, and other useful objects. A single tea tile, mounted in wood, is $5 or $6. Your weekend hostess should find a dozen uses for it.

THOSE English bone-china breakfast sets of which people never seem to get enough are back again at Alfred Orlik, 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), and in what by present standards is abundance. You can have single and double services in the Crown Staffordshire Daisy pattern, an early-morning charmer with especially fresh-looking daisies spattered upon peach or turquoise, and with the pot cover and muffin dome topped by flower knobs. Or you can have these services in pale turquoise or peach painted with mixed flower sprays, which are perfectly beautiful and plainly designed for the lass with the delicate air. All of these sets include the footed Continental eggcup for one boiled egg served in its shell. Services in the mixed-bouquet pattern have the shapely Rockingham-style coffeepot. Orlik's bone-china table lighters, ball-shaped to snuggle in the hand and painted with flowers and things, are an investment for any household. They have a Swiss mechanism that works perfectly. The patterns match china desk sets and separate inkwells and ashtrays.

PEOPLE who are interested in primitive art would do well to drop in at the Ferargil Galleries, 63 East 57th Street, where a series of paintings done on wooden planks by an elderly nineteenth-century artist who was largely concerned with whales is now on view. The pieces would look handsome incorporated in a panelled wall, or wonderful hung just as they are in an informal room. The whales, spouting and cavorting, are shown against backgrounds of blue seas and skies, icebergs, full-rigged ships, and cream-puff clouds. The pictures are around thirteen by seventeen inches and start at $75. Probably only one person in a hundred would have just the right spot for a pair or a group of the things, but I thought I'd let him know. —B. B.

•

Dear Mrs. Post: My name is Mrs. Broadcast, but I am known professionally as Margaret Daily Broadcast. How should I be introduced and how spoken to?—*From Emily Post's column in the Columbus (Ohio) State-Journal.*

With a snicker.

•

Coffee was served, and Chatsworth produced a formidable red morocco leather case of beautiful workmanship, as big as a pocket Testament, which contained his cigars. They cost five and sixpence each, he informed us. I refused, but Bergmann took one, lighting it with his grimmest frown.
—*From a story in Harper's Bazaar.*

No match?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Naugatuck (Conn.) News*]

CHARLESTON, R. I.—(UP)—Here's a narrow escape that two-year-old Margaret Morton will tell her children about in years to come. This morning, while she was sleeping in her upstairs room, in Groton, Conn.

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Life Saving with LUMARITH*

BECAUSE we hear so much of the destructive phases of war, we may possibly overlook the thought and ingenuity given to safeguarding the lives of our fighting men.

U.S. military authorities devote the same skill and effort toward providing safety equipment for our men as toward developing offensive equipment to be used against the enemy. And much of it—on land and sea and in the air—owes its effectiveness in part to the Lumarith family of Celanese Plastics.

From vital warplane controls to sturdy, water-proof containers for medical items—wherever light, strong, precision materials with specific properties are needed—Celanese synthetics are often the answer.

In three major fields—textiles, plastics, chemicals—Celanese research has created basic new materials precisely suited to specific war needs. This is a service, a contribution of science in synthetics, of much promise for the years ahead. Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

This set of chemicals, used to test water supplies for advancing troops, has a rugged waterproof container of transparent Lumarith, making visible the color-reaction chart under the cover.

This mold and fungi proof Lumarith fishing kit represents potential food for stranded fliers. Directions are permanently stamped into the cover and the kit even includes a plastics lens for making fires ashore.

When located at night, enemy land mines must be marked with emergency warning beacons. This Lumarith encased U. S. Army Signal Corps right-angle flashlight is planted on its back. The red signal light, through its scientifically designed Lumarith lens, is visible for quite a distance.

Tucked in the paratrooper's frying pan, this first-aid kit is protected by a container of light, tough, transparent Lumarith. Total weight, only a few ounces, but the contents are priceless to a GI injured in landing or hit by enemy fire.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Celanese* { TEXTILES PLASTICS CHEMICALS

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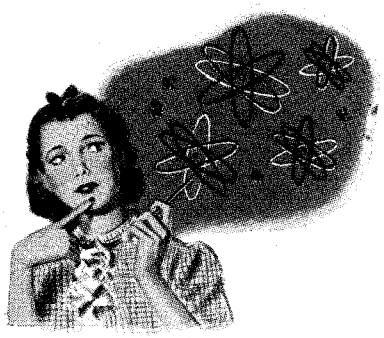
What's your I.Q. on Electronics?



A. *What is this rod-like affair?*

☐ Roller shade ☐ Towel rack
☐ Effervescent tube
☐ Fluorescent lamp ☐ Flute

B. *What is the range of this portable radio telephone—the famous "Handy-Talkie"?*

☐ 1-5 miles ☐ 50-100 miles
☐ 500-1000 miles
☐ 2-4 city blocks

FM

C. *What does F.M. stand for?*

☐ Free Meal ☐ Frequently Moderate ☐ Frequency Modulation ☐ Finer Make

D. *How many radio tubes are there in a single B-29 bomber?*

☐ 78 ☐ 215
☐ 520 ☐ Over 700

E. *What would you call this object?*

☐ Steak tenderizer
☐ War club ☐ Potato masher
☐ Cathode ray tube

F. *What do you think Electronic Devices can be made to do?*

☐ Count ☐ Decide
☐ Remember ☐ Measure

G. *Why does a fluorescent lamp cast less shadow than an electric light bulb?*

☐ It gives more light ☐ Its light is softer ☐ It's a bigger source of light ☐ It makes light rebound

H. *What does Sylvania Electric make?*

☐ Electric light bulbs
☐ Fluorescent lamps, fixtures and accessories ☐ Radio tubes ☐ Cathode ray tubes
☐ Electronic devices

TURN PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN FOR ANSWERS!

THE ANSWERS

A. In nation-wide survey, people called it all those things. "Fluorescent Lamp" is right.

B. Effective distance of the "Handy-Talkie" is 1-5 miles.

C. Frequency Modulation is the more recent method of radio broadcasting. It minimizes static and noise, allows full range of tone, true-to-life reception.

D. Over 700. A 300-plane attack over Tokyo means 210,000 radio tubes in action . . . one reason why nearly *all* Sylvania radio tube production goes to war!

E. Right! It's a cathode ray tube—heart of your postwar television receiver.

F. Electronic devices do all these things and many more.

G. It's a bigger light source. Larger source = less shadow.

H. All—as you probably guessed.

"THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT" . . . contains interesting results of Sylvania's nationwide surveys on home lighting, electronics. Write for it. Sylvania Electric Products Inc., Department 568, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

Makers of Fluorescent Lamps, Fixtures, Accessories; Electric Light Bulbs; Radio Tubes; Cathode Ray Tubes; Electronic Devices

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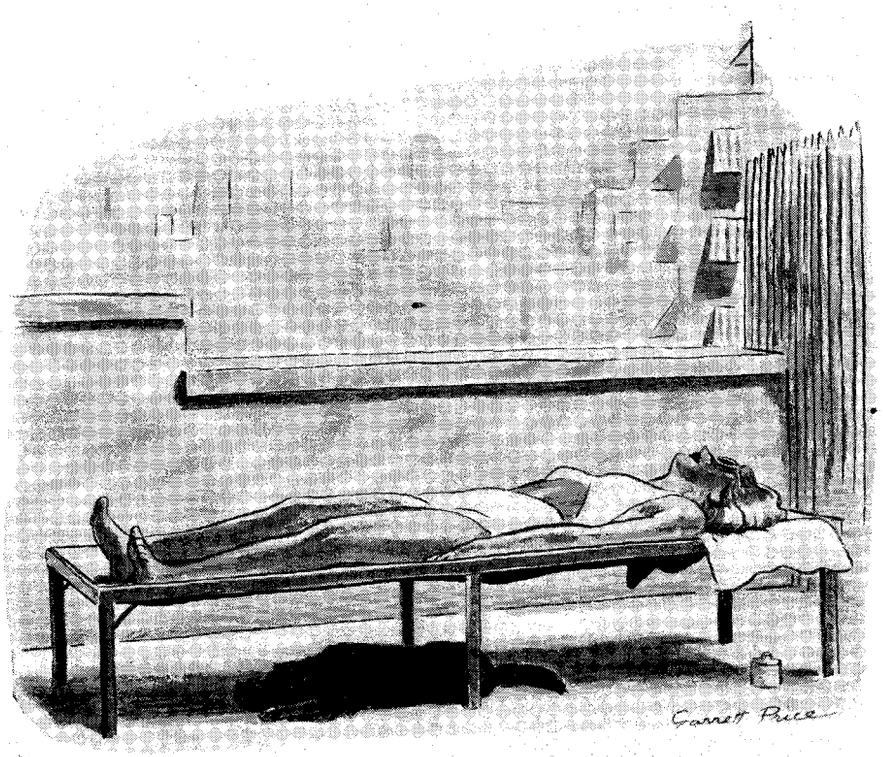
BOOKS

New Bottles, Old Wine

MODERN Chinese fiction, which began as part of the general reform movement that got under way in China toward the end of the last century, would seem, with the publication of Lau Shaw's "Rickshaw Boy" (Reynal & Hitchcock), to have come of age. Mr. Shaw, whose Chinese name is Shu Sheh-Yü, is one of a group of younger Chinese authors who, under the influence of Western writers, have abandoned the traditional themes of earlier Chinese fiction to portray their country as it really is. The emphasis, in the work of all these authors, is consistently upon realism, and the gain, as "Rickshaw Boy" all by itself shows, has been almost immeasurable. Traditional Chinese fiction, with its good fairies and bad devils, its wise dragons and foolish demons, had a wonderful grace and charm. It didn't tell us very much about the Chinese people, however, or about the way in which they lived. We had to depend almost entirely for this knowledge upon the reports of foreign correspondents and upon the rather Biblical panoramas of Mrs. Pearl Buck. It is good, therefore, to have at last a modern novel about China written for the Chinese, of the Chinese, and by a Chinese. Mr. Shaw's book does not constitute a Chinese literary Declaration of Independence. It gives plain evidence, though, that such a document has been drafted, written, and signed. A few firecrackers are in order.

In his book, Mr. Shaw tells the story, in more detail than I have any idea of going into, of an earnest young countryman, full of simplicity and ambition, known as Happy Boy. Arriving in Peking, he has but one ambition—to own a rickshaw. By working himself to exhaustion and by hoarding every copper possible, he is finally able to buy one, only to have it stolen, and to be kidnapped himself, by a gang of soldiers who are part of a marauding war lord's army. He is pressed into service by the soldiers, but eventually escapes, taking three camels with him. He sells the camels for thirty dollars (Chinese money) to an old countryman who has an uncontrollable weakness for camels, and makes his way back to Peking, where, still determined to possess his own rickshaw, he starts sweating and slaving all over again. He also gets seduced by a harsh, resolute, oversexed young woman named Tiger Girl, the daughter of a man who owns a shedful of rickshaws which he rents by the day to rickshaw pullers. Tiger Girl, by pretending she is pregnant, forces Happy Boy to marry her. This marriage brings him enough money to buy a new rickshaw, but since he has come to hate his wife—three parts tiger and one part girl—his pride of ownership is considerably dulled. Ground down by poverty, seeing the broken bodies and wasted lives of other rickshaw men, Happy Boy begins to question the wisdom of the age-old maxims about industry, thrift, and ambition he has believed in. He also begins to question, after a conversation with a politically minded student who is riding in his rickshaw, the correctness and justice of the existing social order. Happy Boy, however, unlike the heroes of so many of those extravagant literary exercises that went by the name of proletarian novels some years ago, undergoes no sudden transformation. He keeps on pulling a rickshaw, keeps on wanting to get ahead in the world, and keeps on hating Tiger Girl. At last she dies, in giving birth to a stillborn child, and Happy Boy has to sell his rickshaw to get enough money to bury her. He then discovers that he is in love with a pretty prostitute named Little Lucky One, and the book ends with him kidnapping her from the establishment in which she is selling herself. "In the mild coolness of the summer evening the burden in his arms stirred slightly, nestling closer to his body as he ran. She was alive. He was alive. They were free."

This, it must be admitted, isn't much of a story. It has been told many times before, with only a few minor variations, and its essential design has become almost as fixed and conventional as that of some of the traditional tales of old China. Reading Mr. Shaw's book, I sometimes felt that all the good fairies and bad devils, the wise dragons and foolish demons, had simply taken on human form. The theme of Mr. Shaw's novel, furthermore, is hardly a new one. It was set down, among various other places, in the introductory sentences of a story called "The Judicial Murder of Tsui Ning," written in either the twelfth or thirteenth century by an anonymous author and included in an anthology called "Traditional Chinese Tales," published last year. "The road of life," this anonymous author wrote, "is a tortuous one and the heart of man is hard to fathom. The great Way has receded further and further from the world and the ways of men have become more and more multifarious. Everyone bustles about for the sake of gain but in his ignorance he often reaps nothing but calamities." The story of Happy Boy is by and large an acting out of these three sentences. He discovers the tor-



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They ALL Speak Well Of It

tuousness of the road of life, is lost in the multifarious ways of men, and finally perceives, even as did the far more dim-witted hero of Ernest Hemingway's energetic little extravaganza called "To Have and Have Not," that it isn't a good idea for any man to live for the sake of gain alone. (People who have seen the movie made from "To Have and Have Not" and not read the book will please not tell me how wrong I am.)

There are, of course, not many themes for the novelist. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in one of the incidental jottings in the volume recently put together from his notebooks and other papers, goes so far as to say that there are only two, those of Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. "Rickshaw Boy," like nearly every other realistic novel of the past twenty years about the lot of the poor in a capitalist society, is a disillusioned scrambling of the two themes. Both "Cinderella" and "Jack the Giant Killer," if looked at twice, turn out to be success stories: Cinderella gets the prince and Jack kills the giant. What happens in the modern realistic novel, in China and out of it, is that Cinderella *doesn't* get the prince and that Jack, instead of killing the giant (now capitalist society), is ground down by him.

But Mr. Shaw's book loses nothing by being built around these old stories or by repeating much of the philosophical wisdom that has been current in China for a few centuries or so. It gains, rather. All of his characters are believable and true, he rarely indulges in the ruinous "Tillie the Toiler" sentimentality that has destroyed more than one well-intentioned book about the poor, and the picture he gives of Peking seems very right and true. Good novels, these days, don't come often enough for this one to be missed.

SEVERAL more bushels of books about the international question have come from the presses. I haven't read all of them, and I would consider myself slightly crazy if I tried to, but, of what I have read, "The Big Three," by David J. Dallin (Yale), seems the best of the lot. Mr. Dallin, without too much huffing and puffing, says that after the war with Japan is ended it *won't* be all over but the shouting, and, giving Great Britain something of a brushoff, he spends most of his time analyzing a situation that is entirely new in world affairs—the emergence of the United States and Russia as the two great powers of the world. He traces the past relationships of these two na-

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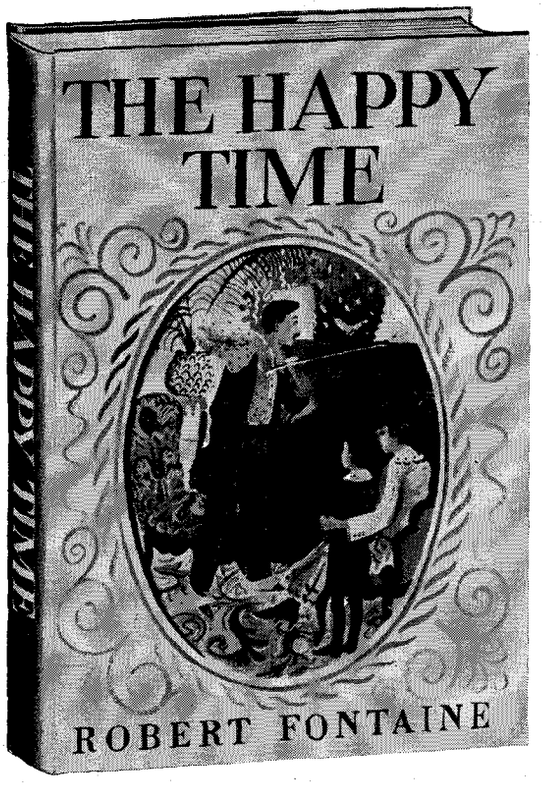
NOTE: *The illustrations on this page are a few of the many that Roger Duvoisin has drawn for* The Happy Time.



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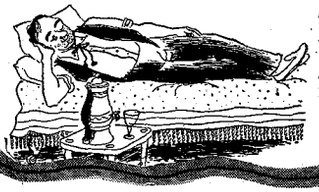

*The Venture Press will be devoted to "first" books having, in the opinion of our staff, unusual literary quality. Some may be uncategorizable, unqualified delights, as we think *The Happy Time* is. Others may be frankly experimental novels. All will be ventures that in one way or another bear with them the hopes and enthusiasms of editors engaged in that peculiar combination of profession, art, craft, midwifery and business that is book publishing. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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tions and argues, very simply, that to get along we have to want to get along, which means concessions and the abandonment of a few fixed ideas on both sides. I doubt that anyone who has given international affairs serious attention will find Mr. Dallin's book startling, but this hasn't exactly been a year for startling books. Maybe it's the war, maybe it's the paper shortage, or maybe it's sunspots. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FACTS OF LIFE, by Paul Goodman (Vanguard). A volume of mocking, literate, and often witty short pieces by a nonrealist of extreme virtuosity. The title story, a brief play called "Jonah," and "University in Exile," which is a description of a dinner party for a group of ill-assorted refugees, are the best of the collection and are all, in one way or another, delightful. Even at his best however, an underlying immaturity shows through the fabric of Mr. Goodman's work, and in the less successful pieces his indefatigable cleverness ends by being a bit wearying.

A SON OF NORMANDY, by B. M. Sawdon (Samuel Curl). A serious, well-told first novel about an almost middle-aged French aristocrat, the father of a family, who works his small, unremunerative farm somewhere in the Calvados. Quite by chance, he becomes deeply and violently involved in a peculiarly hopeless love affair with a young English girl. Being French, he cannot easily break up his marriage and home; being poor, he has no means of keeping the girl near him except as his wife's guest. Miss Sawdon extricates the unhappy lovers from this intolerable impasse with a tragedy that seems too easy a solution.

BARINGTON, by Edward Tatum Wallace (Simon & Schuster). Snapshots of horse-and-buggy, church-supper days in a Midwestern village whose life centers around a long-established hardware store and its lovable owner. Readers in whom the record of any tranquil past induces a pleasurable nostalgia will probably like Mr. Wallace's happy reminiscences; those with less taste for retrospection are likely to be gently bored.

GENERAL

AMERICA: PARTNER IN WORLD RULE, by William Henry Chamberlin (Vanguard). Mr. Chamberlin never comes right out with it, but he makes it clear that in world affairs he thinks the United States has always been a chump, and he doesn't see much chance that things will improve, United Nations or no United Nations. "The sober judgment of history," he writes, summing up the general argument of his book, "will scarcely bear out the inspired, extravagant eulogies of the Crimea Conference. It will more probably bracket this gathering with the Munich Conference as another experiment in appeasing a powerful and well-armed totalitarian dictator. The fruits of Munich are known. Those of Yalta remain to be gathered." Of course, Mr. Chamberlin could be wrong about the whole thing.

THE KILLING OF THE PEACE, by Alan Cranston (Viking). A play-by-play account of one of the unhappiest innings in recent American history—the defeat of Woodrow Wilson's hope to bring this country into an international organization. Mr. Cranston, instead of writing another book about that small group of "willful men," has put together, in the form of a chronological table, the detailed record of their wrecking activities, in Washington and elsewhere. Such a method of writing would not seem to offer much chance for drama, but the drama is definitely there.

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard). A collection of essays, published during the past twenty years, by the author of "Studs Lonigan." Mr. Farrell isn't any more graceful a writer as essayist than he is as novelist, but in these pieces he shows the same slow-burning intensity, the buffalolike stubbornness, and the uncompromising honesty that made "Studs Lonigan" the book it is. Admirable as these qualities are, they don't altogether compensate for the fact that Mr. Farrell, as often as not, isn't an especially brilliant thinker and that he says, along with some things that are both wise and angry, many that are merely angry. Worth reading, nonetheless, particularly for those who would like to get a glimpse of some of the intellectual processes that lie behind Mr. Farrell's novels.

SAINTS AND STRANGERS, by George F. Willison (Reynal & Hitchcock). Meet the Pilgrims. Mr. Willison, taking it upon himself to correct a few of the many misconceptions that have blurred the figures of the small band of brave and pious men and women who played such a big part in American history, tells of their struggles in England, their wanderings, and their settling in the New World. This has been told before, but Mr. Willison, by ignoring all the nonsense that has been written about the Pilgrims and by showing that they were not quite the crowd of crape-draped killjoys they are supposed to have been, has told their story in a new, interesting, and highly readable way. He has managed to get some humor into it, too.

SO FAR SO GOOD, by Charles Hanson Towne (Messner). A book of light-hearted, good-natured chatter having to do with the town's literary, theatrical, and social worlds as observed and participated in by one of the town's most venerable adornments. Mr. Towne's book is not quite the important social record it might have been, and it isn't good enough to be of more than passing interest, but it does have a flavor that many people, both old and new guard, ought to enjoy. In the all-star cast you will find John Brisben Walker, one of the forgotten founding fathers of modern American journalism; Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, Richard Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Geraldine Farrar, Fannie Hurst, Booth Tarkington, and Sinclair Lewis. Quite a crowd. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BEDELIA, by Vera Caspary (Houghton Mifflin). More good, creepy atmosphere by the author of "Laura." A Connecticut architect, Charlie Horst, brings home a bride in 1913 and settles down into the cosiest kind of domesticity. Gradually, through hints thrown out by a young artist living in the neighborhood, Charlie begins to realize that Bedelia is a good deal more than just the pretty young widow he met while vacationing in Colorado, and from there on things build up in splendid shape to a terrifying climax. Especially for admirers of the psychological-horror story.

•

To the Editor of The Post-Standard:
I read your article on daylight saving (June 25) and think it should never have been started. DEWEY L. WOODALL
—*Letter to the Syracuse Post-Standard.*
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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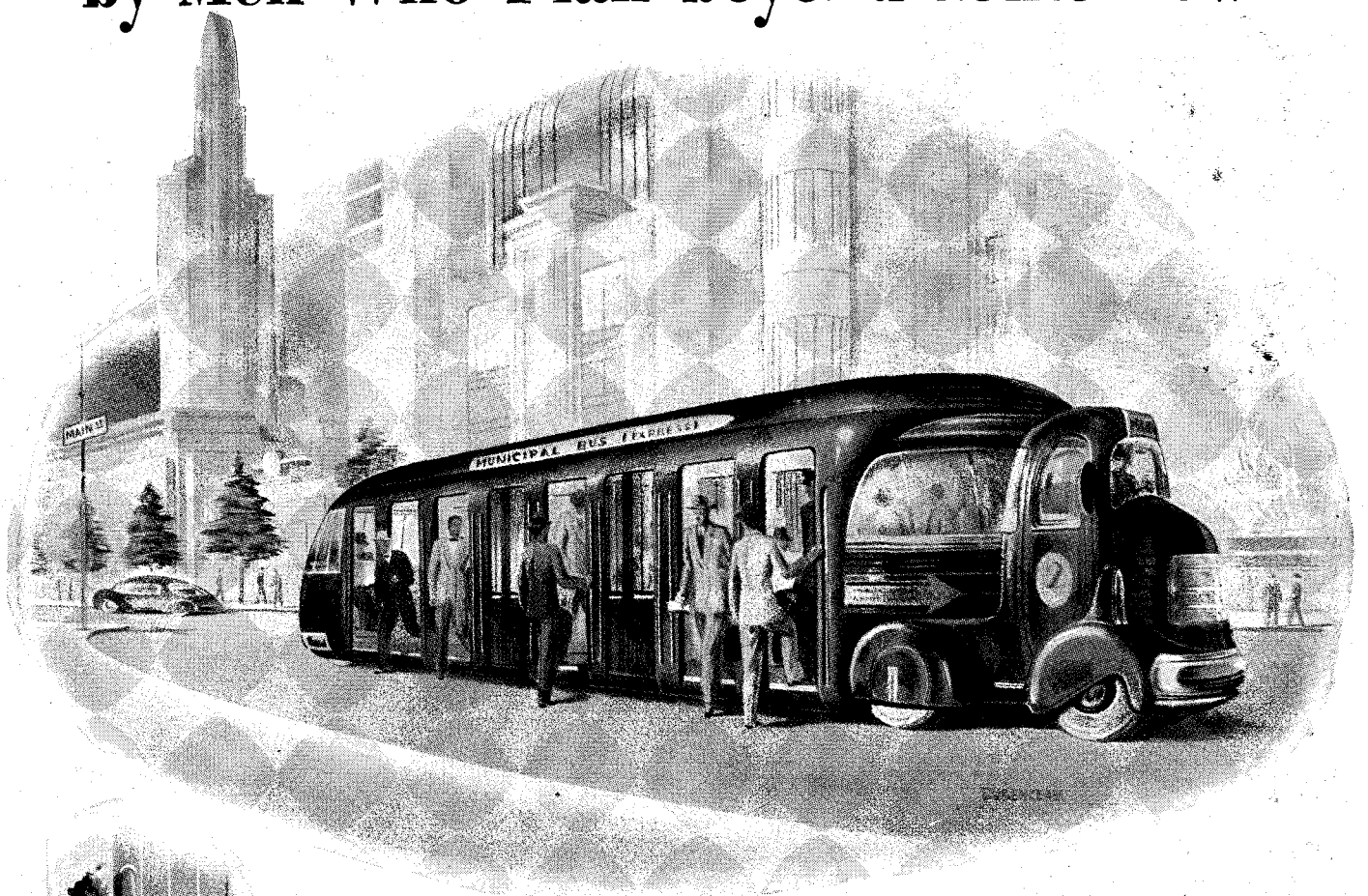

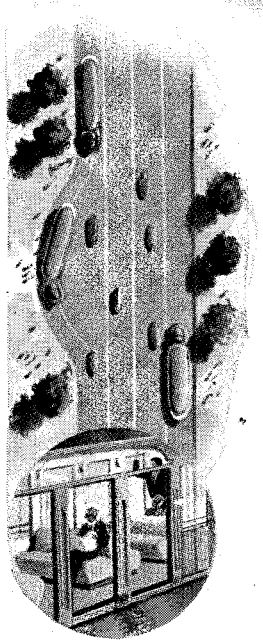

Sketch in circle shows entrance aisle and seating plan of the coach.

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